Collated & Perfect. 9th. Oct. 1814.

A PLEASANT,

conceited Comedie, wherein is shewed, how a man may choose a good wife from a bad.

As it hath beene sundry times acted by the Earle of Worcester his seruants.



LONDON,
Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, neere vnto S. *Augustines* gate, at the signe of the Fauzet. 1602.

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wherein is ſhewn: how a man may *chooſe a good wife from a bad.*

Enter, as vpon the Exchange, young Maiſter Arthur, and Maiſter Luſam.

Arthur.

I Tell you true Sir, but to euery man
I would not be ſo lauiſh of my ſpeech,
Onely to you my deare and priuate friend,
Although my wife in euery eye, be held
Of beauty and of grace ſufficient,
Of honeſt birth, and good behauiour,
Able to winne the ſtrongeſt thoughts to her:
yet in my minde, I hold her the moſt hated,
And loathed obiect, that the world can yeeld.

Luſ. Oh M. *Arthur*, beare a better thought,
Of your chaſte wife, whoſe modeſty hath won,
The good opinion and report of al:
By heauen you wrong her beauty, ſhe is faire.

Ar. Not in mine eye.

Lu' O, you are cloied with dainties M. *Arthur*.
And too much ſweetnes glutted hath your taſte
And makes you loath them: at the firſt,
You did admire her beautie, praild her face,
Were prowd to haue her follow at your heeles
Through the broad ſtreets, when all cenſuring tongs,

Found themselues busied, as shee pass'd along,
To extoll her in the hearing of you both:
Tell me I pray you, and dissemble not,
Haue you not in the time of your first loue,
Hug'd such new popular and vulgar talke,
And glorified still, to see her brauely deck'd?
But now a kind of loathing hath quite changde
Your shape of loue, into a forme of hate
But on what reason ground you this hate?

Ar. My reason is my mind, my ground, my will:
I will not loue her, If you aske me why,
I cannot loue her, let that answere you.

Lu. Be iudge al eyes, her face deserues it not:
Then on what roote growes this high branch of hate?
Is shee not loyall, constant, louing chaste,
Obedient, apt to please, loth to displease,
Careful to line chaste of her good name,
And ielous of your reputation?
Is she not vertuous, wise, religious?
How should you wrong her to deny all this?
Good *M. Arthur* let me argue with you.

They walke and talke.

Enter walking and talking, M. Anselme,
and Maister Fuller.

Ful. Oh *M. Anselem*, growne a louer! fie,
What might shee be, on whom your hopes relie?

An. VVhat fooles they are that seeme most wise in
How wise they are, that are but fooles in loue, (loue
Before I was a louer, I had reason
To iudge of matters, censure of al sorts:
Nay, I had wit to cal a louer foole,
And looke into his folly with bright eyes;
But now intruding Loue dwels in my braine,

And

And frantickly hath shouldred reason thence,
I am not old, and yet alas I doate:
I haue not lost my sight, and yet am blind,
No bondman, yet haue lost my liberty,
No naturall fooll, and yet I want my wit.
What am I then? let me define my selfe,
A doater yong, a blind man that can see,
A witty foole, a bond-man that is free.

Ful. Good aged youth, blind seer, and wise foole,
Lose your free bonds, & set your thoughs to schoole.

Enter old M. Arthur and old M. Lusam.

Old Ar. Tis told me M. *Lusam*, that my sonne
And your chast daughter whom we matcht togither,
Wrangle and fall at odds, and brawle, and chide,

Old Lu. Nay I thinke so, I neuer lookt for better.
This tis to marry children when they are yong,
I said as much at first, that such yong brats
VVould gree together, euen like dogs and cats.

Old Ar. Nay pray you M. *Lusam*, say not so,
There was great hope, though they were matcht but
Their vertues wold haue made thē simpathise, (yong,
And liue togither like two quiet Saints.

Old Lu. You say true, there was great hope indeede
They wold haue liu'd like Saints, but whers the fault?

Old Ar If fame bee true, the most fault's in my son.

Old Lu. You say true M. *Arthur*, tis so indeed.

Old Ar. Nay sir, I do not altogither excuse
Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.

Old Lu. Ha, say you so, birthmasse like enough,
For from her childhood she hath beene a shrew.

Old Ar. A shrew you wrong her, al the town admirs (her
For mildnesse, chastnesse, and humility

Old Lu. Fore God you say wel, she is so indeed.

The Citie doth admire her for these vertues.
Old Ar. O sir, you praise your child to palpably,
Shees mild and chast, but not admir'd so much.
Old Lu. I, so I say, I did not meane admir'd.
Old Ar. Yes if a man do well consider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her sexe.
Old Lu. Are you aduisde of that, I cannot tell
What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,
But she is, is she, I indeede she is.
Old Ar. What is she?
Old Lu. Euen what you will, you know best what she
Anselme. Yon is her husband, let vs leaue this walke, (is,
How ful are bad thoughts of suspition,
I loue, but loath my selfe for louing so,
Yet cannot change my disposition.
Fuller. Medice cura teipsum.
Ans. Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.
Yong Ar. All your perswasions are to no effect.
Neuer alledge her vertues, nor her beuty.
My setled vnkindnesse hath begot
A resolution to be vnkind still.
My ranging pleasures loue varietie.
Yong Lu. Oh too vnkind vnto so kinde a wife,
Too vertuelesse to one so vertuous,
And too vnchast vnto so chast a matron.
Yong Ar. But soft sir see where my two fathers are
Busily talking, let vs shrinke aside,
For if they see me they are bent to chide.
Exeunt
Old Ar I thinke tis best to go straight to the house,
And make them friends againe: what thinke you sir?
Old Lu. I thinke so too.
Old Ar. Now I remember too, thats not so good,

For

For diuers reasons I thinke best stay here,
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?
Old Lu. I thinke so too.
Old Ar. Nay we twill go, that's certaine. (to go.
Old Lu. I, tis best, tis best in sooth: thers no way but
Old Ar. Yet if our going should breed more vnrest,
More discord, more dissention, more debate,
More wrangling where there is enough already,
Twere better stay then go.
Old Lu Fore God tis true,
Our going may perhaps breed more debate,
And then we may too late wish we had staid:
And therfore if you will be rul'd by me,
We wil not go, thats flat: Nay if we loue
Our credits, or our quiets, lets not go.
Old Ar. But if we loue their credits, or their quiets, we
And reconcile them to their former loue: (must goe
Where there is strife betwixt man and wife tis hell,
And mutual loue may be compar'd to heauen:
For then their souls and spirits are at peace.
Come M. *Lusam* now tis dinner time,
When we haue dinde, the first worke we will make,
Is to decide their iarres for pitie sake.
Old Lu. Well fare a good heart, yet are you aduisde,
Goe, said you M. Arther? I will runne,
To end these broyles that discord hath begunn.

Exeunt

Enter Mistres Arthur, and her man Pipkin.

Mist. Ar. Come hither Pipkin, how chāce thou tread
Pip. For feare of breaking Mistresse (so softly,
Mist. Ar. Art thou afraid of breaking, how so?
Pip. Can you blame me Mistris, I am crackt alreadie.
Mist. Crackt Pipkin, how, hath any crackt your crown?

Pip. No

Pip. No mistres, I thank God my crowne is currāt, but

Mi. Ar. But, what?

Pip. The maid gaue me not my supper yesternight, so that indeed my belly wambled, and standing near the great sea-cole fire in the hall, and not being ful, on the sodain I crackt, and you know Mistres a Pipkin is soon broken.

Mis. Ar. Sirra, run to the Exchange, and if you there
Can find my husband, pray him to come home,
Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread,
Vntill I see him: prethee Pipkin runne.

Pip. But Lady Mistres if I should tell him so, it may be he would not come, were it for no other cause but to saue charges, ile rather tel him, if he come not quicly, you will eate vp all the meate in the house, and then if he be of my stomacke, he will runne euery foot, & make the more hast to dinner.

Mis. Ar. I thou maist iest, my heart is not so light,
It can digest the least conceit of ioy;
Intreat him fairely, though I thinke he loues
All places worse that he beholds me in,
VVilt thou begone?

Pip. whether mistris, to the Change?

Mis Ar I to the Change.

Pip. I wil Mistris, hoping my M wil go so oft to the Change, that at length he wil change his mind, and vse you more kindly, Oh it were braue, if my maister could meet with a Marchant of ill ventures to bargain with him for his bad conditions, & hee sell them outright, you should haue a quieter heart, and we al a quieter house: but hoping Mistresse you will passe ouer all these iarres and squables in good health, as my Maister was at the making hereof, I commit you.

Mis. Ar:

Mis. Ar. Make haſt againe I prethee, till I ſee him
My heart wil neuer be at reſt within me:
My huſband hath of late ſo much eſtrangde
His wordes, his deedes, his heart from me,
That I can ſeldome haue his company:
And euen that ſeldome, with ſuch diſcontent,
Such frownes, ſuch chidings, ſuch impatience
That did not truth and vertue arme my thoughts,
They would confound me with diſpaire and hate,
And make me runne into extreamities.
Had I deſeru'd the leaſt bad looke from him,
I ſhould account my ſelfe too bad to liue:
But honouring him in loue and chaſtity,
All iudgements cenſure freely of my wrongs.

Enter yong Arthur, Maſter Luſam, Pipkin.

Yon. Ar. Pipkin, what ſaid ſhe when ſhe ſent for me?
Pip. Faith Maſter ſhe ſaid little, but ſhe thought more,
For ſhe was very melancholly.
Yon. Ar. Did I not tell you ſhe was melancholly
For nothing elſe but that ſhe ſent for me,
And fearing I would come to dine with her.
Yon. Lu. O you miſtake her, euen vpon my ſoule,
I durſt affirme you wrong her chaſtity
See where ſhe doth attend your comming home.
Mis. Ar. Come Maſter *Arthur*, ſhal we in to dinner?
Sirra, begone and ſee it ſeru'd in.
Yon. Lu. Wil you not ſpeake vnto her?
Yon. Ar. No not I, wil you goe in ſir?
Mis. Ar. Not ſpeake to me, nor once looke towards me?
It is my duty to begin I know,
And I wil breake this ice of curteſie.
You are welcome home ſir.
Yon. Ar. Harke Maſter *Luſam*, if ſhe mock me not:

You are welcome home sir, am I well come home,
Good faith I care not if I be or no.
Yon. Lu. Thus you misconstrue al things *M. Arthur*,
Looke if her true loue, melt not into teares.
Yon. Ar. She weepes, but why? that I am come so soone
To hinder her of some apointed guests,
That in my absence, reuels in my house:
Shee weepes, to see me in her company;
And, were I absent, shee would laugh with ioy:
She weepes, to make me weary of the house;
Knowing my heart cannot away with greefe.
Mis. Ar. Knew I that mirth would make you loue my bed,
I would enforse my heart to be more merry.
Yon. Ar. Do you not heare? shee would inforse her heart
All mirth is forc'd, that she can make with me
Yon. Lu. O mis-conceit, how bitter is thy taste!
Sweet *M. Arthur* Mistres *Arthur* too,
Let me intreate you, reconcile these iarres,
Odious to heauen, and most abhord of men.
Mist. Ar. You are a stranger sir, but by your words
You doe appeare an honest Gentleman:
If you professe to be my husbands friend,
Persist in these perswasions, and be iudge
with all indifference, in these discontents.
Sweete husband, if I be not faire inough
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
Onely at comming home, speake me but faire:
If you delight to change, change when you please,
So that you will not change your loue to me.
If you delight to see me drudge and toyle
Ile be your drudge, because t'is your delight:
Or if you thinke me vnworthy of the name
Of your chaste wife, I wil become your maide,

Your

Your ſlaue, your ſeruant, any thing you wil,
If for that name of ſeruant, and of ſlaue,
You wil but ſmile vpon me now and then:
Or if, as I wel thinke you cannot loue me,
Loue where you liſt, onely but ſay you loue me:
Ile feede on ſhadowes, let the ſubſtance goe,
Wil you deny me ſuch a ſmal requeſt?
What, wil you neither loue nor flatter me?
O then, I ſee your hate here doth but wound me,
And with that hate, it is your frownes confound me.
Yo. Lu. wonder of women: why hark you M. *Arthur*,
What, is your wife a woman, or a Saint?
A wife, or ſome bright Angel Come from heauen?
Are you not mou'd at this ſtrange ſpectacle?
This day I haue beheld a miracle.
VVhen I attempt this ſacred nuptial life,
I beg of heauen, to finde me ſuch a wife.
Yong Ar. Ha, ha, a miracle, a Progedy,
To ſee a woman weepe, is as much pittie,
As to ſee Foxes dig'd out of their holes:
If thou wilt pleaſure me, let mee ſee thee leſſe,
Greeue much: they ſay griefe often ſhortens liſe,
Come not to neere me til I call thee wife:
And that wil be but ſeldome, I wil tell thee
How thou ſhalt winne my heart, die ſodainely
And Ile become a luſty widdower.
The longer thy life laſts, the more my hate
And loathing ſtil increaſeth towards thee
When I come home, and finde thee cold as earth,
Then wil I loue thee. Thus thou know'ſt my minde.
Come M. *Luſam*, let vs into dine *Exeunt.*
Yong Lu. O ſir, you too much affect this euil:
Pore ſaint, why wert thou yoakt thus with a diuel! *exit*

Mis. Ar. If thou wilt win my heart, die sodainely,
But that my soule was bought at such a rate,
At such a high price as my Sauiours bloud,
I would not sticke to loose it with a stab.
But vertue banish all such fantasies,
He is my husband, and I loue him well,
Next to my owne soules health I tender him,
And would giue all the pleasures of the world
To buy his loue, if I might purchase it,
Ile follow him, and like a seruant wait,
And striue by all meanes to preuent his hate. *Exit.*

Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam.

Old Ar. This is my sonnes house, were it best go in?
How say you maister *Lusam*?
Old Lu. How goe in, how say you sir?
Old Ar. I say tis best.
Old Lus. I sir, say you so? so say I too.
Old Ar. Nay, nay, tis not best, ile tell you why,
Happly the fire of hate is quite extinct,
From the dead embers, now to rake them vp,
Should the least sparke of discontent appeare,
To make the flame of hatred burne a fresh,
The heate of this dissention might scorch vs,
Which in his owne cold ashes smothered vp,
May die in silence, and reuiue no more.
And therefore tell me, is it best or no?
Old Lus. How say you sir?
Old Ar. I say it is not best.
Old Lus. Masse you say wel sir, and so say I too.
Old Ar. But shal we loose our labor to come hither
And without sight of our two children
Go backe againe: nay, we will in, that's sure.

Old Lu.

Old Lu. In quotha, do you make a doubt of that,
Shall we come thus farre, and in such post haſt,
And haue our children here, and both within,
And not behold them ere our backe returne,
It were vnfriendly, and vnfatherly:
Come M. *Arthur*, pray you follow me.

Old Ar. Nay but hark you ſir, will you not knock?

Old Lu. Iſt beſt to knocke?

Old Ar. I, knocke in any caſe.

Old Lu. Twas well you put it in minde to knock?
I had forgotten it elſe I promiſe you. (doore

Old Ar. Tuſh, iſt not my ſonnes and your daughters
And ſhal we two ſtand knocking? Lead the way.

Old Lu. Knock at our childrens dores, that were a ieſt
Are we ſuch fooles to make our ſelues ſo ſtrange,
VVhere we ſhould ſtill be boldeſt? In for ſhame,
VVe will not ſtand vpon ſuch ceremonies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anſelme and Fuller.

Ful. Speake in what kew ſir do you find your heart,
Now thou haſt ſlept a little on thy loue.

Anſ. Like one that ſtriues to ſhun a little plaſh,
Of ſhallow water, and auoiding it,
Plunges into a riuer paſt his depth.
Like one that from a ſmall ſparke ſteps aſide,
And fals in headlong to a greater flame.

Ful. But in ſuch fires ſcorch not thy ſelfe for ſhame.
If ſhe be fire, thou art ſo farre from burning,
That thou haſt ſcarſe yet warmde thee at her face:
But liſt to me, Ile turne thy heart from loue,
And make thee loath all of the feminine ſexe.
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of name
To bea perfect wencher, I haue tried,
All ſorts, all ſects, all ſtates, and find them ſtill
Inconſtant, fickle, alwaies variable,

Attend me man, I will prescribe a methode,
How thou shalt win her without al peraduenture.
Ans. That would I gladly heare.
Ful. I was once like thee,
A sigher, melancholie, humorist,
Crosser of armes, a goer without garters,
A hat-band hater, and a buske point wearer,
One that did vse much bracelets, made of haire,
Rings on my fingers, iewels in mine eares:
And now and then a wenches Carkanet,
That had two letters for her name in pearle;
Scarfs, garters, bands, wrought wastcoats, gold, stitcht caps,
A thousand of these female fooleries,
But when I lookt into the glasse of reason, strait I begā
To loath that femal bravery, and hence forth
Study to crane *peccant* to the world.
Ans. I pray you to your former argument,
Prescribe a meanes to win my best belou'd
Ful. Fitst be not bashful, bar al blushing tricks
Be not too apish female, do not come
With foolish Sonets to present her with,
With legs, with curtesies, congies and such like,
Nor with pend speeches, or too farre fetcht sighes,
I hate such anticke, quaint formality.
Ans. Oh but I cannot watch occasion,
Shee dashes euery proffer with a frowne.
Ful. A frowne, a foole, thou afraid of frownes?
He that wil leaue occasion for a frowne,
Were I his iudge (al you his case bemone)
His doom should be, euer to lie alone.
Ans. I canot chuse, but when a wench saies nay
To take her at her word, and leaue my suite.
Ful. Continue that opinion, and be sure,
To die a virgin chast, a maiden pure:

It

It was my chance once in my wanton dayes,
To court a wench, harke and ile tel thee how,
I came vnto my Loue, and she lookt coy,
I spake vnto my Loue, she turnde aside,
I toucht my Loue, and gan with her to toy,
But she sate mute for anger, or for pride,
I striude and kist my Loue, she cride away,
Thou would'st haue left her thus, I made her stay.
I catcht my Loue, and wrung her by the hand,
I took my Loue, and set her on my knee,
And puld her to me, O you spoile my band,
You hurt me sir, pray let me go quoth she,
I am glad quoth I, that you haue found your tongue,
And stil my Loue I by the finger wroong,
I askt her if she loude me, she said no;
I bad her sweare, she straight cals for a booke,
Nay then thought I, tis time to let her go,
I eased my knee, and from her cast a locke,
She leaues me wondring at these strange affaires,
And like a wind she trips me vp the staires,
I left the roome below, and vp I went
Finding her throwne vpon her wanton bed,
I askte the cause of her sad discontent,
Further she lies, and making roome she sed,
Now sweeting kisse mee, hauing time and place,
So clings me to her with a sweet embrace.

Anſ. Ist possible, I had not thought till now
That women could dissemble. M. Fuller
Here dwels the sacred mistresse of my heart,
Before her dore Ile frame a friuolous walke.
And spying her, with her deuise some talke.

Enter as out of the house, M. Arthur, Mistresse Arthur, old Arthur, old Lusam, yong Lusam, Pipkin and the rest.

Fal. What stir is this, lets step but out the way,
And heare the vtmost what these people say. *Old*

Old Ar. Thou art a knaue, although thou be my ſon,
haue I with care and trouble brought thee vp,
To be a ſtaffe and comfort to my age,
A piller to ſupport me, and a crutch
To leane on in my ſecond infancy,
And dooſt thou vſe me thus? Thou art a knaue.
Old Lu. A knaue, I marry, and an arrant knaue:
And ſirra, by old maſter *Arthurs* leaue
Though I be weake and old, Ile prooue thee one.
Yong Ar. Sir, though it be my fathers pleaſure thus
To wrong me with the ſcorned name of knaue
I will not haue you ſo familiar,
Nor ſo preſume vpon my patience.
Old Lu. Speake M. *Arthur*, is he not a knaue?
Old Ar. I ſay he is a knaue.
Old Lu. Then ſo ſay I.
Yong Ar. My father may command my patience;
But you ſir, that are but my father in law.
Shall not ſo mock my reputation,
Sir, you ſhall finde I am an honeſt man.
Old Lu. An honeſt man!
Yong Ar. I ſir, ſo I ſay.
Old Lu. Nay, if you ſay ſo, Ile not be againſt it:
But ſir, you might haue vſde my daughter better,
Then to haue beate her, ſpurnde her, raild at her
Before our faces.
Old Ar. I, therein ſonne Arthur,
Thou ſhewdſt thy ſelfe no better then a knaue.
Old Lu. I marry did he, I will ſtand to it,
To vſe my honeſt daughter in ſuch ſort,
He ſhewed himſelfe no better then a knaue.
Yong Ar. I ſay againe I am an honeſt man,
He wrongs me that ſhall ſay the contrary.
Old Lu. I grant ſir that you are an honeſt man,

Nor

Nor wil I say vnto the contrary.
But wherefore doe you vse my daughter thus?
Can you accuse her of vnchastity,
Of loose demeanour, disobedience, or disloyalty?
Speake, what canst thou obiect against my daughter?
Old Ar. Accuse her, here she stands, spit in her face,
If she be guilty in the least of these.
Mis. Ar. O father, be more patient, if you wrong
My honest husband, all the blame be mine,
Because you doe it onely for my sake,
I am his hand-maid, since it is his pleasure
To vse me thus, I am content therewith,
And beare his checkes and crosses patiently.
Yon. Ar. If in mine owne house I can haue no place,
Ile seeke it elsewhere, and frequent it lesse.
Father, I am now past one and twenty yeares,
I am past my mothers pampring, I suck not.
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:
Then if you were my father twenty times,
You shall not chuse but let me be my selfe.
Do I come home so seldome, and that seldome
Am I thus baited, wife, remember this,
Father farewel, and father in law adeu:
Your sone had rather fast then feast with you. *Exit.*
Old Ar. Wel, go to wild oats, spend thrift prodigal,
Ile crosse thy name quite from my reckning booke:
For these accounts, faith it shal scath thee somewhat,
I wil not say what, somewhat it shal be.
Old Lu. And it shal scath him somwhat of my purse,
And daughter, I wil take thee home againe,
Since thus hee hats thy fellowship,
Be such an eyesore to his eye no more,
I tell thee, thou no more shalt trouble him. (ther?
Mis. Ar. wil you diuorce whom god hath tied toge-

Or breake that knot the sacred hand of heauen
Made fast betwixt vs. Haue you neuer reard
What a great curse was laid vpon his head
That breakes the holy band of mariage,
Diuorsing husbands from their chosen wiues,
Father I will not leaue my *Arthur* so,
Not all my friends can make me proue his foe.
Old Ar. I could say somewhat in my sons reproofe.
Old Lu. Faith so could I.
Old Ar. But till I meete him, I will let it passe.
Old Lu. Faith so will I.
Old Ar. Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes I part,
Witnes these teares, thy griefe sits neere my heart.
Old Lu. Weepes *M. Arthur*, nay then let me cry,
His cheekes shal not be wet, & mine be dry. *Exeunt.*
Mis. Ar. Fathers farewell, spend not a teare for me,
But for my husbands sake let these woes be,
For when I weepe, ti's not for my owne care,
But feare, lest folly bring him to dispaire.
Yong Lu. Sweet Saint continue still this patience,
For time will bring him to true penitence,
Mirror of vertue, thanks for my good cheare,
A thousand thanks.
Mis. Ar. It is so much too deare:
But you are welcome for my husbands sake,
His guest shall haue best welcom I can make. (mon,
Yo. L. Then mariage nothing in the world more com-
Nothing more rare then such a vertuous woman. *Ex.*
Mis. Ar. My husband in this humor well I know
Plaies but the vnthrift: therefore it behoues me,
To be the better huswife here at home,
To saue and get, whilst he doth laugh and spend,
Though for himselfe he riots it at large,
My needle shall defray my houshold charge.

Val

Ful. Now master Anselme to her, step not backe,
Busse your selfe, see where she sits at worke,
Be not afraide man, shee's but a woman,
And women the most cowards seldome feare,
Thinke but vpon my former principles,
And twenty pounds to a dreame you speed.
Anſ. I, say you so?
Ful. Beware of blushing sirrah,
Of feare and too much eloquence,
Raile on her husband his misusing her,
And make that serue thee as an argument,
That she may sooner yeeld to do him wrong:
VVere it my case, my Loue, and I to plead,
I hau'tat fingers ends, who could misse the clout,
Hauing so faire a white, such steddy aime,
This is the vpshot, now bid for the game.
Anſ. Faire mistres, God saue you.
Ful. VVhat a circumstance begins he with, what an (Asse is he,
To tell her at the first that she was faire.
The onely meanes to make her to be coy:
He should haue rather told her she was foule,
And brought her out of loue quite with her selfe,
And being so, she would the lesse haue carde,
Vpon whose secrets she had laid her loue:
He hath almost mard all with that word faire.
Anſ. Mistres God saue you.
Ful. what a blocke is that,
To say, God saue you, is the fellow mad
Once to name God in his vngodly suite?
Miſ Ar. Y'are welcome sir, come you to speake with me,
Or with my husband, pray you whats your will?
Ful. She answeres to the purpose, whats your will?
O! zownes that I were there to answere her.
Anſ. Mistres my will is not so soone expresst,

Without your speciall fauour, and the promise
Of loue and pardon if I speake amisse.
Ful. O asse, O duns, O blockhead that hath left
The pl-ine broad high way, and the readiest path,
To trauell round about by circumstance,
He might haue told his meaning in a word.
And now hath lost his opportunity,
Neuer was such a trewant in Loues scoole,
I am ashamde that ere I was his tutor.
Mis. Ar Sir, you may free'y speake what ere it be,
So that your speech suteth with modesty.
Ful. To this now could I answere passing well.
Ans. Mistres, I pitying that so faire a creature.
Ful, Still faire, and yet I warrd the contrary.
An. Should by a villen be so fowly vsde as you haue
Ful. I, that was well put in. (been.
If time and place were both conuenient.
Ans. Haue made this bold intrusion to present
My loue and seruice to your sacred selfe.
Ful. Indifferent, that was not much amisse.
Mis. Ar. Sir, what you meane by seruice and by loue
I will not know: but what you meane by villaine
I faine would know,
Ans. That villaine is your husband,
Whose wrongs towards you are bruted thorow the
O can you suffer at a peasants hands, (land:
Vnworthy once to touch this silken skinne,
To be so rudely beate and buffeted?
Can you endure from such infectuous breath,
Able to blast your beauty, to haue names
Of such impoisoned hate flung in your face?
Ful. O that was good, nothing was good but that,
That was the lesson that I taught him last.
Ans. O can you heare your neuer tainted fame

VVoun-

VVounded with words of ſhame and infamie,
O can you ſee your pleaſures dealt away,
And you to be debarrd all part of them,
And bury it in deepe obliuion?
Shall your true right be ſtill contributed,
Mongſt hungry bawds, inſatiable Curtiſans?
And can you leaue that villaine by whoſe deede,
Your ſoule doth ſigh, and your diſtreſt heart bleed?

Ful. All this aſwell as I could wiſh my ſelfe.

Miſ. Ar. Sir, I haue heard thus long with patience
If it be me you terme a villaines wife,
Inſooth you haue miſtooke me all this while,
And neither know my husband nor my ſelfe,
Or elſe you know not man and wife is one,
If he be calde a villaine what is ſhe,
VVhoſe heart and loue, and ſoule is one with him?
Tis pitty that ſo faire a Gentleman,
Should fall into ſuch villaines company,
Oh Sir, take heede, if you regard your life,
Meddle not with a villaine or his wife. *Exit.*

Ful. O that ſame word villaine hath marde al.

An. Now wher's your inſtructiō? whe's the wench
VVhere are my hopes? where your directions?

Ful. VVhy man, in that word villain you mard al:
To come vnto an honeſt wife, and call
Her husband villaine, were ſhe ne're ſo bad,
Thou mightſt wel think ſhe would not brooke that
For her owne credite, though no loue to him, (name,
But leaue not thus, but trie ſome other meane,
Let not one way thy hopes make fruſtrate cleane.

Anſ. I muſt perſiſt my Loue againſt my wil,
He that knowes all things, knows I proue this il. *Exeūt.*

Enter Aminadab with a rod in his hand, and ii. or iii. boyes with their bookes in their hands.

Ami. Come boyes, come boyes, rehearse your parts
And then *ad prandium, iam iam incipe.*
1 *Boy* Forsooth my lesson's torne out of my booke.
Ami. Quæ caperis Chartis deserviſſe decet:
Torne from your booke, ile teare it from your breech
How say you mistres *Virga* will you suffer
Hic puer bonæ indolis to teare
His lessons, leaues and lectures from his booke?
1 *Boy.* Truly forsooth, I laid it in my seate,
while *Robin Glade* and I went into *Campis,*
And when I came againe my booke was torne.
Ami. O mus a mouse, was euer heard the like?
1 *Boy O domus* a house, master I could not mend it,
2 *Boy O Pediculus* a lowse, I know not how it came.
Ami. All towardly boyes, good schollers of their
The least of these is past his Accidence, (times
Some at *Qui mihi*: heere's not a boy
But he can conster all his Grammer Rules:
Sed vbi sunt Soddes, not yet come?
Those *tarde venientes*, shall be whipt.
Vbi est Pipkin, wher's that lazie knaue?
He playes the truewant euery Saturday,
But mistres *Virga*, lady *VVillowbie*
Shal teach him, that *Diluculo surgere* *Enter Pipkin,*
Est saluberimum, here comes the knaue.
1 *Boy Tarde, tarde, tarde.*
2 *Boy Tarde, tarde, tarde.*
Ami. Huc ades Pipkin, reach a better rod,
Cur tam tarde venis? speake, where haue you beene?
Is this a time a day to come to schoole:
Vbi fuisti, speake where hast thou beene?
Pip. Magister quomodo vales?
Ami. Is that *responsio* fitting my demand?
Pi. Etiam certe, you aske me where I haue bin, & I say,

Qua.

Quomodo vales, as much to say, com out of the alehouse

Ami. Vntruſſe, vntruſſe, nay helpe him, helpe him.

Pip. *Queſo preceptor, queſo*, for Gods ſake do not whip me,

Quid eſt Gramatita?

Ami. Not whip you, *Quid eſt gramatica*, what's that?

Pip. *Gramatica eſt*, that if I vntruſſe, you muſt needs whip me vpon them: *Quid eſt gramatica?*

Ami. Why then, *dic mihi*, ſpeake, where haſt thou bin?

Pip. Forſooth my miſtris ſent me of an arrant, to fetch my M. from the exchange, we had ſtrangers at hom at dinner, & but for thē I had not come *tarde*, *queſo preceptor*

Ami. Conſter your leſſon, perce it, *ad vnguem*

Et condemnato too, Ile pardon the.

Pip. That I wil M. and if youle giue me leaue. *expone*

Am. *Propriaq; maribus tri buuntur maſcula dicas expone,*

Pip. Conſter it maſter? I will, *Dicas* they ſay, *propria* the proper man, *que maribus* that loues mary-bone, *maſcula* miſ-call'd mee.

Ami. A pretty queint, and new conſtruction.

Pipkin I warrant you Maſter, if there be any mary-bones in my leſſon, I am an old dog at them, How cō-ſter you this Maſter: *Roſtra deſertus amat?*

Ami. *deſertus* a diſard, *amat* doth loue, *Roſtra* Roſtmeat.

Pip. A good conſtruction on a empty ſtomack: Maſter, now I haue conſterd my leſſon, my miſtris wold pray you to let me come home, to go of an arrand.

Ami Your *tres ſequntur*, and away.

Pip. *Canis* a hog, *rana* a dog, *porcus* a frog,

Abeundum eſt mihi. *Makes a leg, and Exit*

Ami. Yours ſirra, too then, and *ad prandium*

1 Boy *Apis* a bed *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor *Dee:*

Virginis minus vſus eſt mihi.

Ami. By *Iunos* lip, and *Saturnus* thumbe,

It was *bonus, bona, bonum*,

1. *Boy. Vitrum* glasse, *spica* grasse, *tues Asinus*, you are an Asse. *precor tibi felicem noctem.*

Ami. Claudite iam libros pueri sat prate bibistis,
Looke when you come againe you tell me *vbi fuistis*
He that minds trish trash, & wil not haue a care of his
He I wil be-lish lash and hau a fling at his *podix. (redix,*

Enter yong Arthur,

Yon. Ar. A prety wench, a passing prety wench,
A sweeter duck al London cannot yeeld,
She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,
Not *Hellen* had so rauishing an eye:
Heere is the Pedant, Sir, *Aminadab,*
I will inquire of him, if he can tell
By any circumstance, whose wife she is:
Such fellowes commonly haue intercourse
Without suspition, where we are debard.
God saue you sir *Aminadab.*

Ami. Salue tu quoq; would you speake with me?
You are I take it, and let me not lie,
For as you know, *Mentiri non est meum,*
Yong M. *Arthur, quid vis,* what wil you?

Yon. Ar. You are a man I much rely vpon:
There is a prety wench dwels in this streete,
That keeps no shop, nor is not publike knowne:
At the two posts, next turning of the lane,
I saw her from a window looking out:
O, could you tel me how to come accquainted,
With that sweet lasse, you should command me sir,
Euen to the vtmost of my life and power.

Ami. Dij boni, boni, tis my loue he meanes:
But I will keepe it from this Gentleman,
And so I hope make trial of my loue.

Yon. Ar. If I obtaine her, thou shalt win thereby,
More than at this time I wil promise thee.

Ansi. *Quando venis aput*, I shal haue two hornes on my *Caput*.

Yon. Ar. VVhat if her husband come & find one there

Ansi. *Nunquam*, time neuer feare,
She is vnmarried I sweare,
But if I helpe you to the deed,
Tu vis narrare how you speed.

Yon. Ar. Tel how I speed, I sir, I wil to you,
Then presently about it. Many thanks,
For this great kindnes, Sir *Aminadab*.

Ami. If my *Puella* proue a drab,
Ile be reueng'd on both, *ambo* shal die,
Shal die by what, for *ego I*,
Haue neuer handled I thanke God,
Other weapon then a rod.
I dare not fight for al my speeches,
Sed Cane, if I take him thus,
Ego sum expers at vntrusse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iustice Reason, old Arthur, old Lusam, Mistresse Arthur, young Lusam and Hugh.

Old Ar. VVe, Master *Iustice Reason*, come about
A serious matter that concernes vs neare.

Old Lus. I mary doth it sir, concerne vs neare:
would God sir you would take some order for it.

Old Ar. VVhy looke ye M. *Lusam* you are such ano-
You wil be talking what concernes vs neare, (ther,
And know not why we come to M. *Iustice*.

Old Lus. How, know not I?

Old Ar. No sir, no you.

Old Lus. VVel, I know somwhat, though I know not that:
Then on I pray you.

Iust. Forward I pray, yet the case is plaine,

Old Ar. VVhy sir as yet you doe not know the case.

Old Lu. VVel, he knows somwhat, forward M. *Arthur*.

Old Ar. And as I told you, my vntuly ſonne,
Once hauing bid his wife home to my houſe,
There tooke occaſion to be much agrieu'd,
About ſome houſhold matters of his owne,
And in plaine termes, they fell in controuerſie.
Old Lu. Tis true ſir, I was there the ſelfe ſame time,
And I remember many of the words.
Old Ar. Lord what a man are you, you were not there
That time, as I remember you were rid
Downe to the North to ſee ſome friends of yours.
Old Lu. Well, I was ſomewhere, forward *M. Arthur*.
Iuſt. All this is well, nh fault is to be found
In either of the parties, : pray ſay on.
Old Ar. why ſir, I haue not namde the parties yet
Nor tucht the fault that is complainde vpon.
Old Lu. Wel, you tucht ſomwhat, forward *M. Arthur*.
Old Ar. And as I ſaid, they fell in controuerſie,
My ſonne not like a husband, gaue her words,
Of great reproofe, deſpight and contumely,
Which ſhe poore ſoule diſgeſted patiently,
This was the firſt time of their falling out,
As I remember, at the ſelfe ſame time,
One *Thomas* the Earle of Surreys Gentleman,
Dined at my table.
Old Lu. O, I knew him well.
Old Ar. You are the ſtrangeſt man, this Gentleman
That I ſpeake of, I am ſure you neuer ſaw;
He came but lately from beyond the ſea.
Old Lu. I am ſure I know one *Thomas* forward ſir.
Iuſt. And is this all? make me a Mittimus,
And ſend the offender ſtraitwaies to the gaile,
Old Ar. Firſt know the offender, how began the ſtrife
Betwixt this Gentlewoman and my ſonne,
Since when ſir, he hath vſde her nothing like one

That should partake his bed, but like a slaue:
My comming was, that you being in office,
And in authority, should call before you
My vnthrift sonne, to giue him some aduise,
VVhich he will take better from you then me
That am his Father: heer's the Gentlewoman,
Wife to my sonne, and daughter to this man,
VVhome I perforce compeld to liue with vs.
Iust. All this is well, here is your sonne you say,
But she that is his wife, you cannot find.
Yong Lu. You do mistake sir, heer's the Gentlewomã
It is her husband that will not be found.
Iust. VVel, all is one, for man and wife are one,
But is this all?
Yong Lu. I, all that you can say,
And much more then you can well put off.
Iust. Nay, if the cause appeare thus euident,
Giue me a cup of wine: what, man and wife,
To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:
I could say somewhat, tut, tut, by this wine,
I promise you, tis good Canary Sacke.
Mis. Ar. Fathers you doe me open violence,
To bring my name in question, and produce
This gentleman and others here to witnes
My husbands shame in open audience,
VVhat may my husband thinke when he shall know
I went vnto the Iustice to complaine:
But M. Iustice here, more wise then you
Sayes little to the matter, knowing well
His office is no whit concernd herein,
Therefore with fauour I will take my leaue.
Iust. The woman saith but reason M. *Arthur*,
And therefore giue her licence to depart.
Old Lu. Here is drie Iustice, not to bid vs drinke,

Harke thee my friend, I prethee lend thy cup:
Now M. Iustice heare me but one word,
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong,
But by this wine which I intend to drinke.

Iust. Nay saue your oath, I pray you do not sweare,
Or if you sweare, take not too deepe an oath.

Old Lu. Content you, I may take a lawful oath
Before a Iustice: therefore by this wine.

Yon. Lu. A profound oath, well worn, & deeply tooke,
Tis better thus, than swearing on a booke.

Old Lu. My daughter hath bin wronged exceedingly.

Iust. O sir, I would haue credited these wordes
Without this oath: but bring your daughter hither,
That I may giue her counsel ere you goe.

Old Lu. Marry Gods blessing on your heart for that,
Daughter giue eare to Iustice *Reasons* wordes.

Iust. Good woman, or good wife, or Mistris, if you haue done a misse, it should seem you haue don a fault: and making a fault, theres question but you haue don amisse: but if you walk vprightly, & neither lead to the right hand nor the left, no question but ye hau neither led to the right hand nor the left, but as a mã should say walked vprightly: but it should appeare by these plaintiffes, that you haue had some wrong, if you loue your spouse intierly, it should seem you affect him feruently, and if he hate you monstrously, it should seem he loaths you most exceedingly: and theres the point, at which I will leaue, for the time passes away: therefore to conclude, this is my best counsell, looke that thy husband so fal in, that hereafter you neuer fal out.

Old Lu. Good counsel, passing good instruction,
Follow it daughter. Now I promise you,
I haue not heard such an Oration
This many a day: what remaines to doo?

Yon. Lu. Sir, I was cald as witnes to this matter,
I may be gone for ought that I can see.

Iust. Nay stay my friend we must examine you,
VVhat can you say concerning this debate,
Betwixt yong *M. Arthur* and his wife.

Yon. Lu. Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say,
And thats iust nothing.

Iust. How nothing? come depose him, take his oath,
Sweare him I say, take his confession.

Old Ar. VVhat can you say sir in this doubtful case?

Yon Lu. VVhy nothing sir.

Iust. VVe cannot take him in a contrary tales,
For he sayes nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we haue stood on all this while,
He hath confest euen all, for all is nothing,
This is your witnes, he hath witnest nothing,
Since nothing then so plainely is confest,
And we by cunning answeres and by wit,
Haue wrought him to confesse nothing to vs,
VVrite his confession.

Old Ar. VVhy what should we write?

Iust. VVhy nothing: heard you not as well as I,
VVhat he confest? I say write nothing downe.
Mistres we haue dismist you, loue your husband,
VVhich whilst you do, you shal not hate your husbād
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with
This Gentlemans expresse confession
Against you: send him to me, ile not faile
To keepe iust nothing in my memory.
And sir, now that we haue examined you,
VVe likewise here discharge you with good leaue.
Come M. *Arthur* and M. *Lusam* too,
Come in with me, vnlesse the man were here,
whome most especially the cause concernes,

We cannot end this quarrell but some heere,
And we will taſt a glaſſe of our March beere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtris Mary, Miſtris Splay, and Brabo.

Ma. I prethee tel me *Brabo*, what planet thinkſt thou gouerned at my conception, that I liue thus openly to the world?

Bra. Two Planets rainde at once, *Venus*, thats you,
And *Mars* thats I, were in coniunction.

Splay. Prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunctiõ copulatiue, is that part of ſpeech that I liue by.

Bra. Ha, ha, to ſee the world, we ſwaggerers
That liue by oathsand big-mouth'd menaces,
Are now reputed for the talleſt men:
He that hath now a black muchato
Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp
Puncto reuerſo, briſtling towards the eye:
He that can hang two hanſome tools at his ſide,
Go in diſguiſd attire, weare Iron enough,
Is held a tall man and a ſouldier.
He that with greateſt grace can ſweare gogs zounds,
Or in a Tauerne make a drunken fray.
Can cheat at dice, ſwagger in bawdy houſes,
Were velues on his face: and with a grace
Can face it out with, as I am a ſouldier:
He that can clap his ſword vpon the boord
Hee's a braue man, and ſuch a man am I.

Ma. She that with kiſſes can both kil and cure,
That liues by loue that ſweares by nothing elſe
But by a kiſſe, which is no common oath:
That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth.
That takes moſt pleaſure when ſhe takes moſt paines,
Shee's a good wench my boy, and ſuch am I.

Splay She that is paſt it, & prayes for them that may,

Bra. Is an old bawde, as you are Miſtris *Splay*.

Splay

Splay. O do not name that name, do you not know
That I could neuer indure to heare that name?
But if your man would leaue vs, I would reade
The leſſon that laſt night I promis'd you,
Ma. I prethee leaue vs, we would be alone:
Bra. And wil, and muſt: if you bid me be gone.
I will withdraw, and draw on any he,
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me,
Miſtris fare well, to none I neuer ſpake
So kind a worde: my ſalutations are,
Farewell and be hang'd, or in the diuells name:
What they haue beene my many fraies can tell,
You cannot fight therfore to you farewell. *Exit.* (tiõ,
Ma. O, this ſame ſwagerer is the bulwark of my reputa-
But Miſt. *Splay*, now to your lecture that you promis'd me.
Splay Daughter attend, for I will tel thee now,
What in my yong dayes, I my ſelfe haue tride,
Be rul'd by me and I will make thee rich,
You, God be praiſde, are faire, and as they ſay,
Full of good partes; you haue bin often tride,
To be a woman of good cariage,
VVhich in my minde, is very commendable.
Ma. It is indeede: forward good mother *Splay*.
Splay And as I told you, being faire, I wiſh
Sweet daughter, you were as fortunate:
VVhich any ſuter comes to aske thy loue,
Looke not into his words, but into his ſleeue:
If thou caſt learne what language his purſe ſpeakes,
Be rul'd by that, thats golden eloquence.
Mony can make a flattering tongue ſpeake plaine:
If he that loues thee, be deform'd and rich,
Accept his loue, gold hides deformity:
Gold can make limping *Vulcan* walke vpright, (ſmooth
Make ſquint eyes look ſtraight, a crab'd face look

Guildes

Guilds copper noses, makes them looke like gold,
Fils ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face
As old as *Nestors*, looke as yong as *Cupids*.
If thou wilt arme thy selfe against all shifts,
Regard all men according to their gifts,
This if thou practise, thou, when I am dead
Wilt say, old mother *Splay* soft laid thy head.

Enter young Arthur.

Ma. Soft, who comes here? be gone good mistres *Splay*
Of thy rules practise, this is first my day.

Splay. God for thy passion, what a beast am I
To scare the bird that to the net would flie. *Exit.*

Yon. Ar. By your leaue mistresse.

Ma. VVhat to doe Maister?

Yong Ar. To giue me leaue to loue you.

Ma. I had rather afford you some loue to leaue me

Yo. Ar. I would you would as soone loue me, as I

Ma. I pray you what are you sir? (could leaue you

Yong Ar. A man ile assure you.

Ma. How should I know that?

Yon. Ar. Trie me by my word, for I say I am a man,
Or by my deed, ile proue my selfe a man.

Ma. Are you not Master *Arthur*?

Yon. Ar. Not M. *Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your seruant sweet Mistresse *Mary*.

Mar. Not Mistres *Mary*, but *Mary*, and your handmaid, sweet M. *Arthur*.

Yon. Ar. That I loue you, let my face tell you: that I loue you more then ordinary, let this kisse testifie: & that I loue you feruently and entirely, aske this gift, & see what it will answere you: my selfe, my purse, & all being wholie at your seruice.

Ma. That I take your loue in good part, my thankes shall speak for me: that I am pleas'd with your kisse, this

interest

interest of another shall certifie you, and that I accept your gift, my prostrate seruice and selfe shall witnes with me. My loue, my lips, and sweet selfe, are at your seruice: wilt please you to come neare sir?

Yon. Ar. O that my wife were dead, here wold I make
My second choice, would she were buried,
From out her graue this Marigold should grow,
Which in my nuptials I would weare with pride:
Die shall she, I haue doom'd her destiny.

Ma. Tis newes M. *Arthur* to see you in such a place,
How doth your wife?

Yong Ar. Faith mistres *Mary* at the point of death,
And long she cannot liue, she shall not liue
To trouble me in this my second choise.

Enter Aminadab with a bill and a head peece.

Ma. I pray forbeare sir, for here comes my loue,
Good sir for this time leaue me: by this kisse
You cannot aske the question at my hands
I will deny you; pray you get you gone.

Yong Ar. Farewel sweet mistres *Mary*. *Exit.*

Ma. Sweet adieu.

Ami. Stand to me bil, and head peece sit thou close
I heare my loue, my wench, my ducke, my deare,
Is sought by many suters, but with this
Ile keepe the dore, and enter he that dare,
Virgo be gone, thy twigs Ile turne to steele,
These fingers that were expert in the ierke,
In steade of lashing of the trembling *pedes*,
Must learne pash and knocke, and beate and mall,
Cleaue pates and *capots*, he that enters here,
Comes on his death, *mors mortis*, he shall taste.

Mar. Alas poore foole the Pedants mad for loue,
Thinkes me more mad that I would marry him;
Hee's come to watch me with a rusty bill,

To keepe my friends away by force of armes,
I will not see him but stand still aside,
And here obserue him what he meanes to do.
Ami. O vtinam, that he that loues her best,
Durst offer but to touch her in this place,
Per Iehouah, & Iuuenem, hoc
Shall pash his Coxcombe such a knocke,
As that his soule his course shall take,
To *Limbo* and *Auernus lake*.
In vaine I watch in this darke hole,
Would any liuing durst my manhood trie,
And offer to come vp the staires this way.
Ma. O wee should see you make a goodly fray.
Ami. The wench I here watch with my bill,
Amo, amas, amauí still,
Qui audet, let him come that dare,
Death, hell and Limbo be his share.

Enter Brabo.

Bra. Where's Mistres Mary neuer a post here,
A bar of iron gainst which to trie my sword?
Now by my beard a dainty peece of steele.
Ami. O *Iesu* what a qualme is this I feele?
Bra. Come hither Mal, is none here but we too,
When didst thou see the starueling Schoolmaster
That rat, that shrimp, that spindleshank, that wren that
sheepebiter, that leane chitiface, that famine, that leane
enuy, that al bones, that bare anatomy, that lack a lente
that ghost, that shadow, that moon in the waine.
Ami. I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.
Bra. When next I find him here ile hang him vp,
Like a dried Sawsage in the chimney top,
That Stockefish, that poore *Iohn*, that gut of nene.
Ami. O that I were at home again.
Bra. When he comes next, turne him into the streets.

Now

Now come, lets dance the shaking of the sheetes *Exit*,
Ami. Qui qua quod: hence be istrous bil, come gentle (rod,
Had not grim Malkin stampt and starde,
Aminadab had little carde,
Or if in stead of this browne bill,
I had kept my mistris *Virgo* still,
And he vpon another's backe,
His points vntrust, his breeches slacke,
My countenance he should not dash,
For I am expert in the lash,
But my sweet Lasse, my loue doth flie,
VVhich shall make me by poyson die,
Per fidem, I will rid my life
Either by poison, sword or knife. *Exit.*

Enter mistres Arthur and Pipkin.

Mis. Ar. Sirra, when saw you your maister?

Pip. Faith mistres when I last lookt vpon him.

Mis. Ar. And when was that.

Pip. VVhen I beheld him.

Mis. Ar. And when was that?

Pip. Mary when he was in my sight, and that was yesterday, since whē I saw him not, nor look'd on him nor beheld him, nor had any sight of him.

Mis. Ar. VVas he not at my father in lawes?

Pip. Yes mary was he.

Mis. Ar. Didst thou not intreat him to come home.

Pip. How should I mistres, he came not there to day.

Mis. Ar. Didst thou not say he was there? (when

Pip. True mistres he was there, but I told you not
He hath beene there diuers times of late.

Mis. Ar. About your busines, here Ile sit and waite,
His comming home, though it be ne're so late,
Now once againe go looke him at the Change,
Or at the Church with Sir *Aminadab*.

Tis told me they vse often conference:
When that is done, get you to schoole againe.

Pip. I had rather play the truewant at home, than goe seeke my M. at schoole: let me see, what age am I, some foure and twenty, and how haue I profited? I was fiue yeere learning cris crosse from great *A*, and fiue yeere longer comming to *F*: there I stuck some three yeere before I could come to *Q*: and so in processe of time I came to *e* per se *e*, and con per se, and tittle: then I got to *a, e, i, o, u*: after, to Our father: and in the sixteenth yeare of my age, and fifteenth of my going to schoole, I am (in good time) gotten to a Nowne, by the same token there my hose went downe: then I got to a verb there I began first to haue a beard: thē I came to *ifle, ista, istud*, there my maister whipt mee till hee fetcht the bloud, &c. so that now I am become the greatest scholer in the schoole: for I am bigger then two or three of them. But I am gone, farewell mistis. *Exit.*

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Fu. Loue none at al, they will forsweare themselues,
And when you vrge them with it, their replies
Are, that *Ioue* laughs at louers periuries.

Ans You told me of a iest concerning that,
Prethee let me heare it.

Full. That thou shalt.
My Mistris in a humor had protested,
That aboue al the world she lou'd me best,
Saying with suters she was oft molested,
And she hath lodg'd her heart within my breast:
And sweare (but me) both by her mask and fan,
She neuer wold so much as name a man.
Not name a man quoth I? yet be aduisde,
Not loue a man but me, let it be so:
You shal not thinke, quoth she, my thoughts disguisde

In

In flattring language, or diſſembling ſhow,
I ſay againe, and I know what I do,
I will not name a man aliue but you.
Into her houſe I came at vnaware,
Her backe was to me, and I was not ſeene,
I ſtole behind her till I had her faire,
Then with my hands I cloſed both her eyne:
Shee blinded thus, beginneth to bethinke her,
VVhich of her Loues it was that did hood winck her:
Firſt ſhe begins to gueſſe and name a man,
That I well knew, but ſhe had known far better.
The next I neuer did ſuſpect till than,
Still of my name I could not heare a letter,
Then mad, ſhe did name *Robin* and then *Iames*
Till ſhe had reckned vp ſome twenty names,
At length, when ſhe had counted vp her ſcore,
As one among the reſt ſhe hit on me:
I aſkt her if ſhe could not reckon more,
And pluckt away my hands to let her ſee,
But when ſhe lookt backe, and ſaw me behind her:
She bluſht, and aſkt if it were I did blinde her?
And ſince I ſware both by her maske and fanne,
To truſt no ſhe tong, that can name a man.

Anſ. Your great oath hath ſome exceptions,
But to our former purpoſe, yon is miſtres *Arthur*,
VVe will attempt another kind of wooing,
And make her hate her huſband if we can.

Ful. But not a word of paſſion or of loue,
Haue at her now to trie her patience,
God ſaue you miſtres.

Mi. Ar. You are welcome ſir.

Ful. VVher's your husband I pray?

M. Ar. Not within.

Anſ. VVho M. *Arthur*? him I ſaw euen now

At mistris *Maries* the braue Curtizans,
Mist. Ar. wrong not my husbands reputation so,
I neither can nor will beleeue you sir.
Fal. Poore Gentlewoman, how much I pitty you,
Your husband is become her only guest:
He lodges there, and dayly diets there,
He riots, reuels, and doth all things,
Nay, he is held the master of mis-rule,
Mongst a most loathed and abhorred crew,
And can you, being a woman, suffer this?
Mis. Ar. Sir, sir, I vnderstand you well enough,
Admit my husband both frequent that house
Of such dishonest vsage, I suppose
He doth it but in zeale to bring them home
By his good counsell, from that course of sinne.
And like a Christian, seeing them astray
In the broad path that to damnation leades,
He vseth thither to direct their feete,
Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.
An. was euer woman gulld so palpably?
But mistris *Arthur*, thinke you as you say!
Mist. Ar. Sir, what I thinke, I thinke, and what I say,
I would I could enioyne you to beleeue
An. Faith mistris *Arthur*, I am sorry for you,
And in good sooth, I wish it lay in me
To remedy the least part of these wrongs
Your vnkind husband dayly profers you.
Mis. Ar. You are deceiu'd, he is not vnkind,
Although he beare an outward face of hate
His heart and soule are both assured mine.
Ans. Fie mistris *Arthur*, take a better spirit,
Be not so timorous to rehearse your wronges
I say your husband haunts bad company,
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton curtizans.

There he defiles his body, staines his soule,
Consumes his wealth, vndoes himselfe and you
In danger of diseases, whose vilde names,
Are not for any honest mouthes to speake,
Nor any chast eares to receiue and heare,
O, he wil bring that face admirde for beauty,
To be more loathed than a leprous skinne,
Diuorce your selfe now whilst the clouds grow black
Prepare your selfe a shelter for the storme,
Abandon his most loathed fellowship,
You are yong mistres, wil you loose your youth?

Mi. Ar. Tempt no more diuel, thy deformity,
Hath chang'd it selfe into an angels shape,
But yet I know thee by thy course of speech,
Thou gest an apple to betray poore *Eue*,
VVhose out side beates a shew of pleasantnesse,
But the vilde branch, on which this apple grew,
VVas that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradise,
Thy Syrens song could make me drowne my selfe,
But I am tied vnto the maste of truth,
Admit my husband be inclinde to vice,
My vertues may in time recal him home:
But if we both should deep'r run to sinne,
VVe should abide certaine destruction.
But heere vnlike one, that cuet a sweet face,
Puts a deformed vizard, for his soule
Is free from any such lasciuious of ill,
Onely to tie my patience, he puts on,
An vgly shape of bluelie intemperances,
Therfore his blot of shame, which he now weares,
I with my prayers will purge, wash with teares.

Exit.

Anſ. Fuller.

Ful. Anſelme.

Anſ.

Anſ. How lik'ſt thou this?

Ful. As ſchoole boyes ſtrikes, Apes whips, as Lions
As furies do faſting dayes, and diuels croſſes, (cocks,
As maides to haue their mariage dayes put off:
I like it as the thing I moſt do loath,
VVhat wilt thou do for ſhame perſiſt no more
In this extremity of friuolous loue,
I ſee my doctrine moues no preciſe cares,
But ſuch as are profeſt *inamoratos*.

Anſ. O I ſhall die.

Ful. Tuſh, lue to laugh a little,
Heeres the beſt ſubiect that by loue affoords,
Liſten a while and heare this: ho boy, ſpeake.

Ami. *Ay in præſenti* thou loſt hſt the gift I ſent thee,
Nolo plus tarry but die, for the luxurious Mary, (by?
Fain would I die by a ſword, but what ſword ſhal I die
Or by a ſtone, what ſtone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi.* (vaines
Knife I haue non to ſheth in my breſt, or empty my ful
Here is no wall or poſt that I can ſoile with my bru'ſd
braines.
Firſt will I therefore ſay a or 3 Creedes & Auemaries
And after go buy a poyſon at the Apothecaries.

Ful. I pray thee *Anſelme* but obſerue this fellow
Doeſt not heare him he would die for loue:
That miſh-ſhapt loue thou wouldſt condemn in him
I ſee in thee, I pretheē note him well.

Anſ. VVere I aſſurd that I were ſuch a louer:
I ſhould be with my ſelfe quite out of loue:
I prethee lets perſwade him ſtill to liue.

Ful. That were a dangerous caſe, perhaps the fellow
In deſperation would to ſooth vs vp,
Promiſe repentant recantation,
And after fall into that deſperate courſe,
Both which I will preuent with policy.

Ami.

Am. O death com with thy dart, com death whē I bid
Mors veni mors, & from this misery rid me: (thee,
She whom I lou'd, whō I lou'd, euen she my sweet pre-
Doth but flout, & mock, & ieſt, & diſſimulary: (ty *May*

Ful. Ile fit him finely, in this paper is
The iuyce of Mandrake, by a Doctor made,
To caſt a man, whoſe leg ſhould be cut off
Into a deepe, a colde and ſenſeleſſe ſleepe,
Of ſuch approued operation,
That who ſo takes it, is for twice twelue houres,
Breathleſſe, and to all mens iudgements, paſt al ſenſe:
This will I giue the pedant, but in ſport,
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but eſteeme it as a ieſt:
Beſides, it may be a meanes to ſaue his life,
For being perfect poyſon, as it ſeemes,
His meaning is, ſome couetous ſlaue for coine,
Will ſell it him, though it be held by law,
To be no better then flat felony.

Anſ. Vphold the ieſt, but he hath ſpied vs, peace,

Ami. Gentles God ſaue you,
Here is a man I haue noted oft, moſt learnd in phiſicke
One man he helpt of the cogh, another he heald of the
And I wil boord him thus: *Salue, o ſalue magiſter.* (tiſick

Ful. Gratus mihi aduenis, quid mecum vis,

Ami. Optatum venis, paucis te volo.

Ful. Si quid induſtria noſtra tibi fatiat, dic queſo.

Ami. Attend me ſir, I haue a ſimple houſe,
But as the learned *Diogenes* ſaith,
In his Epiſtle to *Tertullian*,
It is extreamely troubled with great rats,
I haue no *muſa* puſſe, nor grey eyde cat,
To hunt them out, O could your learned Art.
Shew me a meanes how I might poyſon them.

Tuus dum suus, sir Aminadab.
Ful. With al my heart, I am no Rat-catcher,
But if you need a poyson, here is that
Will pepper both your dogs and rats and cats:
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,
An I as it proues I pray you send to me,
And let me know, would you aught else with me?
Ami. Minime quidem, heres that you say wil take them:
A thousand thanks sweet sir, I say to you
As Tully in his Esops Fables said,
Ago tibi gratias, so farewel, *vale*. *Exit.*
Full. Adew. Come let vs goe, I long to see
What the euent of this new iest will bee.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yon. Ar. Good morrow Gentlemen, saw you not this (way
As you were walking, sir Aminadab?
An. M. *Arthur*, as I take it.
Yong Ar. Sir, the same.
An. Sir, I desire you more familiar loue,
VVould I could bid my selfe vn to your house,
For I haue wisht for your acquaintance long.
Yong Ar. Sweet M. *Anselme* I desire yours too.
VVil you come dine with me to morrow,
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.
Ans. I feare sir I shall proue too bold a guest.
Yon. Ar You shal be welcome if you bring your friend.
Ful. O Lord sir, we shall be too troublesome.
Yon. Ar. Nay, now I will inforce a promise from you,
Shall I expect you?
Ful. Yes with all my heart.
An. A thousand thanks. Yonders the schoolmaster.
So till to morrow twenty times farewell.
Yon. Ar. I double al your farewels twenty fold.
An. O this acquaintance was well scrapte of me,

By this my loue to morrow I shall see. *Exit.*

Ami. This poison shall by force expell,
Amorem loue, *infernum* hell.
Per hoc venenum ego I,
For my sweet louely lasse will die.

Ton. Ar. VVhat do I heare of poyson, which sweet
Must make me a braue frolick widower? (meanes
It seemes the doting foole being forlorne
Hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire
To end his desparate fortunes and his life:
Ile get it from him, and with this make way
To my wiues night, and to my Loues faire day.

Ami. In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:
I know death comes heres such a smel
Pater & Mater, father and mother,
Frater & soror, sister and brother,
And my sweete mary, not these drugges,
Doe send me to the infernall bugges,
But thy vnkindnesse: so adeu,
Hob-gobblins now I come to you.

Ton. Ar. Hold man, I say what will the mad man doe?
I haue I got thee: thou shalt goe with me:
No more of that, fie sir Minadab,
Destroy your selfe: if I but heare hereafter
You practise such reuenge vpon your selfe,
All your friends shall know that for a wench,
A paltry wench, you would haue kild your selfe.

Ami. O *tace queso*, doe not name
This frantick deed of mine for shame:
My sweet *maister* not a word,
Ile neither drowne it in a ford,
Nor giue my neck such a scope,
To im brace it with a hempen rope: house, the
Ile die no way til nature will mee,

And death come with his dart and kill me
If what is past, you will conceale,
And nothing to the world reueale,
Nay as *Quintilian* said of yore,
Ile striue to kill my selfe no more.

Ton.Ar. On that condition, Ile conceale this deede,
To morrow pray come and dine with me,
For I haue many strangers amongst the rest
Some are desirous of your company,
You will not faile me?

Ami. No in sooth, Ile trie the sharpenes of my tooth
In stead of poyson I will eate,
Rabbets, capons, and such meate,
And so, as *Pythagoras* saies,
With wholesome fare prolong my dayes.
But Sir, will mistres *Mal* be there?

Ton.Ar. She shall, she shal man, neuer feare,

Ami. Then my spirit becomes stronger,
And I w'll liue and stretch longer,
For *Ouid* said, and did not lie,
That poysoned men do often die,
But poyson henceforth Ile not eate,
Whilst I can other victuals get,
To morrow if you make a feast,
Be sure sir I will be your guest,
But keepe my counsell, *vale tu*,
And till to morrow sir, adieu:
At your table I will proue,
If I can eate away my loue. *Exit.*

Ton.Ar. O I am glad I haue thee, now deuise
A way how to bestow it cunningly,
It shall be [illegible] to morrow Ile pretend
A reconci[illegible] double wixt my wife and me,
And to that end I will inuite thus many.

Then

First Iuſtice *reaſon*, as the chiefe man there,
My father Arther, old Luſam, yong Luſam, M. Fuller.
And M. Anſelme I haue bid already.
Then will I haue my hope mary too,
Be it but to ſpite my wife before I die:
For die ſhee ſhall before to morrow night,
The operation of this poiſon is,
Not ſuddenly to kill, they that take it
Fall in a ſleepe and then it is paſt recure,
And this will I put in her Cup to morrow.

Enter Pipkin running.

Pip. This it is to haue ſuch a Maiſter, I haue ſought him at the Change, at the School, at euery place, but I can not finde him no where. O cry mercy my Miſtres would intreat you to come home.

Yong Ar. I cannot come to night, ſom vrgent buſines
Will all this night imploy me otherwiſe.

Pip. I beleeue my miſtreſſe would kon you as much thanke to doe that buſines at home as abroad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my purſe, & bid my wife prouide
Good cheare againſt to morrow, there will be,
Two or three ſtrangers of my late acquaintance,
Sirrah go you to Iuſtice *Reaſons* houſe,
Inuite him firſt with all ſolemnity,
Goe to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,
Here take this note,
The reſt that come I will inuite my ſelfe,
About it with what quicke diſpatch thou canſt.

Pip. I warrant you Maſter ile diſpatch this buſineſſe with more honeſty, then youl diſpatch yours. But maſter, will the Gentlewoman be there?

Yon. Ar. VVhat Gentlewoman?

Pip. The Gentlewoman of the old houſe, that is aſwel known by the color ſhe laies of her cheeks, as an ale-

house by the painting is laid of his lettice: she that is like *Homo*, common to all men: shee that is beholding to no trade, but liues of her selfe.

Yon. Ar. Sirra be gone, or I will send you hence.

Pip. Ile go, but by this hand ile tel my mistres as soon as I come home, that mistres lightheeles comes to dinner to morrow.

Yon. Ar. Sweet Mistres *Mary* Ile inuite my selfe,
And there Ile frolicke, sup and spend the night.
My plot is currant, here tis in my hand,
VVill make me happy in my second choice,
And I may freely challenge as mine owne,
VVhat I am now inforcde to seeke by stealth.
Loue is not much vnlike ambition,
For in them both all lets must be remoued,
Twixt euery crowne and him that would aspire,
And he that will attempt to winne the same,
Must plunge vp to the depth o're head and eares,
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.
So he that loues, must needs through blood and fire,
And do all things to compasse his desire.

Enter Mistresse Arthur and her maid.

Mi. Ar. Come spread the table, is the hall wel rub'd
The cushions in the windowes neately laid,
The cupboord of plate set out, the casements stucke
VVith Rosemary and flowers, the Carpets brusht?

Maid I forsooth Mistris.

Mis. Looke to the kitchin maid, and bid the Cooke take downe the Ouen stone, the Pies be burnt: here take my keyes, and giue him out more spice.

Maid Yes forsooth mistres.

Mi. Ar. VVher's that knaue *Pipkin*, bid him spread the cloth,
Fetch the cleane Diaper napkins from my chest,
Set out the guilded salt, and bid the fellow

Make

Make himself handsome, get him a cleane band.
Maid Indeed forsooth mistres, he is such a slouen
That nothing will fit handsome about him,
He had a pound of Sope to scowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like a chimney stocke.
Mi. Ar. Heele be a slouen still: Maid take this apron,
And bring me one of linnen, quickly maid.
Maid I go forsooth. *Exit maid.*
Mis. Ar. There was a curtsie, let me see't again:
I, that was well, I feare my guests will come,
Ere we be ready, what a spight is this?
Within mistresse.
Mi. Ar. What's the matter.
within Mistresse I pray take Pipkin from the fire,
We cannot keepe his fingers from the rost.
Mi. Ar. Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that?
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchin,
Still broiling by the fire.
Enter Pipkin.
Pip. I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire
Till the brath be inough.
Enter maid with an apron.
Mi. Ar. Wel sirrah, get a napkin and a trencher
and wait to day. So, let me see my apron.
Pip. Mistres I can tell you one thing, my M. wench
will come home to day to dinner.
Enter Iustice Reason and his man.
Mis. Ar. She shall be welcome if she be his guest:
But heer's some of our guests are come already:
A chaire for Iustice *Reason*, sirra. (huswife,
Iu. Good morrow mistres *Arthur*, you are like a good
At your request I am come home: what a Chaire!
Thus age seekes ease: where is your husband mistris?
what a cushin too?

Pip.

Pip. I pray you ease your taile Sir.

Iust. Mary and will good fellow, twenty thanks.

Pip. M. *Hue* as welcom as hart can tel, or tong can think

H. I thank you M. *Pipkin*, I haue got many a good dish of broth by your meanes.

Pip. According to the aunciet curtesie, you are welcome: according to the time & place, you are hartily welcom: whē they are busied at the boord, we wil find our selus busied in the buttery, & so sweet *Hugh* according to our schollers phrase, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

Hu. I wil answer you with the like, sweet *Pipkin gratias*

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh.* But here comes more guests.

Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam.

Mis. Ar. More stools & cushions for these gentlemen.

Old Ar. VVhat M Iustice *Reason* are you here,
who wold haue thoght to haue met you in this place?

Old Lu. What say mine eyes, is Iustice *Reason* here?
Mountaines may meet and so I see may we.

Iust. Wel, when men meet they meet,
And when they part, they oft leaue one anothers com-
So we being met are met. pany:

Old Lu. Truly you say true,
And M. Iustice *Reason* speakes but reason,
To heare how wisely men of law will speake.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Good morrow gentlemen,

Mis. Ar. VVhat are you there?

An. Good morrow Mistris, and good morrow all.

Iust. If I may be so bold in a strange place,
I say good morrow, and as much to you,
I pray Gentlemen will you sit downe?
VVe haue beene yong like you, and if you liue
Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

Ful.

Ful. Be rulde by reason, but who's here?

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. *Saluete omnes*, and good day,
To all at once as I may say,
First M. *Iustice*, next old *Arthur*,
That giues me pension by the quarter,
To my good Mistres and the rest,
That are the founders of this feast,
In briefe I speake to *omnes* all,
That to their meat intend to fall.

Iust. Welcome sir *Aminadab*, O my sonne,
Hath profited exceeding well with you,
Sit downe, sit downe by Mistres *Arthurs* leaue.

Enter Yong Arthur, young Lofam and mistresse Mary.

Yon. Ar. Gentlemen, welcome al, whilst I deliuer
Their priuate welcomes, wife, be it your charge
To giue this Gentlewoman entertainement.

Mis. Ar. Husband I will. O this is she vsurper,
The precious interest of my husbands loue:
Though as I am a woman, I could well,
Thrust such a lewd companion out of dores,
Yet as I am a true obedient wife,
I de kisse her feet to do my husbands will.
You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,
Indeed you are, pray do not doubt of it.

Ma. I thank you Mistres *Arthur*, now by my little honestly,
It much repents me to wrong so chast a woman.

Yon. Ar. Gentles, put ore your legs: first, M. *Iustice*,
Here you shall sit.

Iust. And here shall Mistris *Arthur* sit by me.

Yong Ar. Pardon me sir, she shall haue my wifes place.

Mis. Ar. Indeed you shall, for he will haue it so.

Mary If you will needs, but I shal do you wrong to take your place.

Old Lu: I by my faith you should. (wrong,
Mi. Ar: That is no wrong which we impute no
I pray you sit.
Yon. Ar. Gentlemen all, I pray you seat your selues:
VVhat sir *Aminadab*, I know where your heart is:
Amin. Mum, not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace:
Come Gentles, ile be of this messe:
Yong Ar: So, who giues thanks?
Amin: Sir, that will I.
Yong Ar: I pray you to it by and by, wheres Ripkin?
VVait at the boord, let master *Reasons* man
Be had into the buttry, but first giue him
A napkin and a trencher: Well said *Hugh*,
VVait at your Masters elbow: Now say Grace:
Ami: Gloria Deo, sirs, proface,
Attend me now whilst I say Grace:
For bread and salt, for grapes and malt,
For flesh and fish, and euery dish,
Mutton and beefe, of all meats chiefe,
For Cowheeles, chitterlings, tripes and sowse,
And other meate thats in the house,
For racks, for breasts, for legs, for loines,
For pies with raisins and with proines,
For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes,
For venison pasties and mincde pies,
Sheepes head and garlicke, brawne and mustard
Wafers, spiced cakes, tartes and custard:
For capons, rabbets, pigges and geese,
For apples, carrawaies and cheese:
For all these and many mo,
Benedicamus Domino:
All Amen
Iust: Vpon you thanks, but sir *Aminadab*,
Is that your scholler? Now I promise you,

He is a toward stripling of his age.

Pip. VVho I forsooth, yes indeed forsooth, I am his scholer, I would you should well think, I haue profited vnder him too, you shall heare if he will pose me.

Old Ar. I pray you lets heare him.

Ami. Huc adest Pipkin.

Pip. Adsum.

Ami. Quot Casus sunt, how many Cases are there?

Pip. Mary a great many.

Ami. VVell answerde, a great many, there are sixe, Sixe, a great many, is well answered. And which be they?

Pip. A Bow case, a Cap case, a Combe case, a Lute case, a Field case, and a candle case.

Iust. I know them all againe well answered: Pray God my yongest boy profit no worse.

Ami How many parsons are there?

Pip. Ile tell you as many as I know, if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

Anselm. I preethee doe.

Pip The Parson of Fanchurch, the parson of Pancridge, & the Parson of

Yon Ar. Well sir, about your busines, now will I Temper the Cup my loathed wife shall drinke. *Exit.*

Old Ar. Daughter me thinks you are exceeding sad,

Old Lu. Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad:

Mi. Ar. Tis but my countenance, for my hart is mery Mistres, were you as mery as you are welcome You should not sit so sadly as you do.

Ma: Tis but becaus I am seated in your place, VVhich is frequented seldom with true mirth.

Mi. Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How say you Lady to him you last did lie by? All is no more, *prebibo tibi.*

Ma. I thank you sir, Mistres this draught shall be
To him that loues both you and me.
Mist. Ar, I know your meaning.
Anſ. Now to me,
If you haue either loue or charity.
Miſt. Ar. Heare M. *Iuſtice*, this to your graue eares,
A mournfull draught God wot, half wine, half teares
Iuſt. Let come my wench, here yongsters to you all,
You are silent, heere's that will make you talke,
Wenches me thinks you sit like Puritans.
Neuer a ieſt abroad to make them laugh?
Ful. Sir, since you moue speech of a Puritan,
If you will giue me audience, I will tell yee
As good a ieſt as euer ye did heare.
Old Ar. A ieſt, that's excellent.
Iuſt. Before hand let's prepare our selues to laugh,
A ieſt is nothing if it be not gtac'd:
Now, now I pray you, when begins this ieſt?
Ful. I came vnto a Puritane to woo her,
And roughly did salute her with a kisse,
Away quoth she, and rudely pusht me fro her,
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this,
And still with amorous talke she was saluted,
My artles speech with scripture was confuted.
Old La. Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard.
Old Ar. I promise you it was exceeding good.
Ful. Oft I frequented her abroad by night,
And courted her, and spake her wondrous faire,
But euer somewhat did offend her sight,
Either my double ruffe, or my long haire,
My skarfe was vaine, my garments hung too low,
My Spanish shoo was cut too broad at toe.
All Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.
Ful. I parted for that time, and came againe

Seeming to be conformde in looke and ſpeech,
My ſhoes were ſharpe toed, and my band was plaine,
Cloſe to my thigh, my metamorphoſde breech
My cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut ſhorter,
Off went my ſcarffe, thus marchde I to the Porter,
All Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?
Ful. The Porter ſpying me, did lead me in
Where his faire miſtres ſate reading on a Chapter,
Peace to this houſe quoth I, and thoſe within,
VVhich holy ſpeech with admiration wrapt her,
And euer as I ſpake, and came her nie,
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.
Iuſt. So, ſo, what then, what then,
Old Luſ. Forward, I pray forward ſir.
Ful. I ſpake diuinely, and I cald her ſiſter,
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:
By yea and nay, I will quoth I and kiſt her,
She bluſht and ſaid, that long tongd men would tell,
I ſeemde to be as ſecret as the night
And ſaid, I would put out the light.
Old Ar. Inſooth he would, a paſſing, paſſing ieſt.
Ful. O doe not ſweare quoth ſhe, yet put it out
Becauſe I would not haue you breake your oath,
I felt a bed there as I groapt about,
In troth quoth I, here will we reſt vs both,
Sweare you in troth quoth ſhee, had you not ſworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in foule ſcorne,
Then you will come quoth I, though I be loath,
Ile come quoth ſhe, be it but to keepe your oath.
Iuſt. Tis very pretty, but now when's the ieaſt,
Old Ar. O forward to the ieaſt in any caſe,
Old Luſ. I would not for an angel looſe the ieſt.
Ful. Heres right the dunghill cocke that finds a pearl,
To talke of wit to theſe, is as a man

Should cast our iewels to a heard of swine,
VVhy in the last words did consist the iest.
Old Lu. I, in the last words? ha, ha, ha,
It was an excelent admired iest,
To them that vnderstood it.

Enter yong Arthur with a cup of wine.

Iust: It was indeed, I must for fashions sake,
Say as they say, but otherwise O God,
Good M. *Arthur* thanks for our good cheare.
Yong Ar: Gentlemen welcom all, now heare me speak
One speciall cause that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for ancient grudge that hath long since,
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,
The wrongs that I haue done her, I recant,
In either hand I hold a seuerall cup,
This in the right hand, wife I drinke to thee,
This in the left hand, pledge me in this draught,
Burying all former hatred, so haue to thee: *He drinkes.*
Mis: Ar: The welcom'st pledge that yet I euer tooke,
VVere this wine poyson, or did tast like gall,
The honey sweet condition of your draught
VVould make it drinke like Nectar: I will pledge you
VVere it the last that I should euer drinke.
Yong Ar: Make that account, thus Gentlemen you see
Our late discord brought to an vnity.
Amic. Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum
Est habitare fratres in vnum:
Old Ar, My hart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge,
And I am glad to see this sweet accord.
Old Lu: Glad quotha, there is not one amongst vs
But may be exceeding glad:
Iust: I am, I mary am I that I am.
Yong Lust he best accord that could betide their loues
Anſ. The worst accord that could betide my loue.

All about to rise.

And. What, rising Gentles? keepe your places,
Ile close vp your stomacks with a grace,
O domine, & chare Pater,
That giu'st vs wine in stead of water,
And from the Pond and Riuer cleare,
Mak'st nappy ale, and good March Beere,
That send'st vs sundry sorts of meate,
And euery thing we drinke or eate,
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,
Laus Deo sanctè amen.
Ton. Ar. So much good doe ye all, and Gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheere.
Old Lus. Nay so we do, Ile giue you thankes for all.
Come M. *Iustice*, you do walke our way,
And M. *Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,
Weele be the first will straine curtesie.
Iust. God be with you all.

Exeunt old Arthur, Lusam, and Iustice.

Ami. *Proximus ego sum*, Ile be the next,
And man you home, how lay you Lady?
Ton. Ar. I pray you do, good sir Aminadab.
Mary. Sir, if it be not too much trouble to you,
Let me intreat that kindnesse at your hands.
Aminadab. Intreat, fie, no, sweet lasse command:
Sic so nunc, now take the vppir hand.

He leads her away.

Yong Ar. Come wife, this meeting was all for our sakes;
I long to see the torce my poyson takes.
Mi. Ar. My deare, deare husband, in exchange of hate,
My loue and heart shall on your seruice waite.

Exeunt Arthur and his wife.

Aminad. So doth my loue on thee, but long no more,
To gaze on loue, thy seruice is too poore.

Full.

Ful. Forshame no more, you had best expostulate
Your loue with euery stranger, leaue these sighes,
And change them to familiar conference.
Yon. Ar. Trust me the vertues of yong *Arthurs* wife,
Her Constancy, modest humility,
Her patience, and admired temperance,
Haue made me loue al women kind the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip O my Mistris, my Mistris, she's dead, she's gone,
she's dead, she's gone.
Ans. Whats that he sayes?
Pip. Out of my way, stand back I say, all ioy from earth is fled,
She is this day as cold as clay, my Mistris she is dead.
O Lord, my Mistris, my Mistris. *Exit.*
An. VVhat, Mistris *Arthur*, dead? my soule is vanisht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quit banisht;
O I am sicke, my paine growes worse and worse,
I am quite stroke thorow with this late discourse.
Ful. VVhat, faints thou man? Ile lead thee hence for shame,
Sowne at the tidinges of a womans death:
Intollerable, and beyond all thought,
Come my loues foole, giue me thy hand to leade,
This day one body and two hearts are dead. *Exeunt.*
Yon. Ar. But how she was as well as well might be,
And on the sodaine dead, ioy in excesse
Hath ouer-run her poore disturbed soule.
Ile after and see, how master *Arthur* takes it,
His former hate far more suspitious makes it, *Exit.*

Enter Hugh: *and after* , Pipkin

Hu. My M. hath left his gloues behind where he sate in his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them, it is such an old snudge, hee'le not loose the droping of his nose.
Pipkin. O Mistris, O *Hugh*, O *Hugh*, O Mistris, *Hugh*, I
must

must needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatike, I must fall vpon thee, my mistris is dead.

Hugh O M. *Pipkin*, what do you meane, what do you meane M. *Pipkin*?

Pip. O *Hugh*, O mistris, O Mistris, O *Hugh*.

Hugh O *Pipkin*, O God, O God, O *Pipkin*.

Pip. O *Hugh*, I am mad, bear with me, I cānot chuse O death, O mistris, O death.

Hugh Death quotha, he hath almost made me dead with beating.

Enter Reason, old Arthur, and old Lusam.

Iust. I wonder why the knaue my man staies thus, And comes not backe: see where the villaine loiters.

Enter Pipkin.

Bra O M. *Iustice*, *M. Arthur*, *M. Lusam*, wonder not why I thus blow and bluster, my mistres is dead, dead is my mistres, and therefore hang your selues, O my mistris, my mistris.

Old Ar. My sonnes wife dead?

Old Lu. My daughter?

Enter young Arthur mourning.

Iust. Mistres *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

Yong Ar. O here the wofulst husband comes aliue, No husband now, the wight that did vphold That name of husband, is now quite o'rethrowne, And I am left a haples widower.

Old Ar. Fain would I speake if griefe would suffer me

Old Lu. As M, *Arthur* sayes, so say I, If griefe would let me, I would weeping die, To be thus haples in my aged yeares. O, I would speake, but my words melt to teares.

Yon. Ar. Go in, go in, and view the sweetest coarse That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome, You cannot speake for weeping sorrowes doome.

Bad news are rife, good tidings seldome come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme.

Ans. What frantick humor doth thus haunt my sence,
Striuing to breed destruction in my spirit?
When I would steepe, the ghost of my sweete loue
Appeares vnto me in an Angels shape:
VVhen I am wake, my phantasies presents,
As in a glasse, the shadow of my loue:
VVhen I would speake, her name intrudes it selfe
Into the perfect ecchoes of my speech:
And though my thought beget some other word,
Yet wil my tongue speake nothing but her name.
If I do meditate it is on her,
If dreame on her, or discourse on her,
I thinke her ghost doth haunt me, as in times
Of former darknesse, old wiues tales report.

Enter Fuller.

Hee Comes my bitter Genius, whose aduice
Directs me still in al my actions,
How now, from whence come you?

Ful. Faith from the street, in which, as I pas'd by,
I met the modest mistris *Arthurs* Coarse,
And after her, as morners, first her husband,
Next *Iustice Reason*, then old M. *Arthur*,
Old M. *Lusam*, and yong *Lusam* too,
VVith many other kinsfolke, neighbours, friendes,
And others, that lament her funerall:
Her body is by this, laid in the vaulte.

An. And in that vault my body I wil lay,
I prethee leaue me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am sure you iest, you meane not as you say.

An. No, no, Ile but go to the church and pray.

Ful. Nay, thē we shalbe troubled with your humor.

Ans. As euer thou didst loue me, or as euer

Thou

Thou didst delight in my society,
By all the rights of friendship and of loue,
Let me entreat thy absence but one houre,
And at the houres end I will come to thee.

Ful. Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,
I le wash my hands like *Pilate* from thy folly,
And suffer thee in these extremities.

Exit.

An. Now it is night, and the bright lamps of heauen
Are halfe burnt out, now bright Adelbora,
Welcomes the cheerefull day star to the East,
And harmeles stilnes hath possess'd the world,
This is the Church, this hollow is the vault.
Where the dead body of my saint remaines,
And this the coffin that inshrines her body,
For her bright soule is now in Paradise,
My comming is with no intent of sinne,
Or to defile the body of the dead,
But rather take my last farewell of her,
Or languishing, and dying by her side,
My airy soule poste after hers to heauen,
First, with this latest kisse I seale my loue,
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiud,
If that she stir not, O this Golgotha
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Presenting fearefull apparitions,

Mistres Arthur in the Tombe.

It is some spirit that in the coffin lies.
And makes my haire start vp on end with feare,
Come to thy selfe faint heart, she sits vpright,
O I would hide me, but I know not where,
Tush, if it be a spirit, tis a good spirit,
For with her body liuing, ill she knew not,
And with her body dead, ill cannot meddle.

Mi. Ar. VVho am I? or where am I?
Ane. O she speakes, and by her language now I know
she liues.
Mi. Ar. O who can tell me where I am become.
For in this darknesse I haue lost my selfe.
I am not dead, for *I* haue sence and life,
How come *I* then in this Coffin buried?
An, Anselme behold she liues, and Destiny
Hath traind thee hither to redeeme her life.
Mi. Ar. Liues any mongst these dead? none but myself.
Anſ. O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,
Liues and surviues at your returne to life:
Nay start not, *I* am Anselme, one who long
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And louing you more then became me wel,
VVas hither sent by some strange prouidence,
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,
To be a liuer in the world againe.
Mi. Ar. I vnderstand you, and *I* thanke the heauens,
That sent you to reuiue me from this feare,
And *I* embrace my safety with good wil.

Enter Aminadab with two or three boyes.

Ami, Mane citus lectum fuge mollem discute somnum,
Templa petas supplex & veneratum Deum. (pray
Shake off thy sleep, get vp betimes, go to the church &
And neuer feare, God will thee heare, & keep thee al
Good counsel, boyes obseru it, marke it wel. (the day
This early rising this *diluculo*,
Is good both for your bodies and your mindes.
Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box,
Meane time vnlooſe your tatchels, and your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.
1. *Boy.* O Lord master whats that in the whit sheete?
Ami. In the white sheete my boy, *Dic vbi*, where?

Boy. *Vide* Maſter, *vide illic* there.

Ami. O *Domine, domine*, keepe vs from euill,
A charme from fleſh, the world and the diuell.

Exeunt running.

Miſ. Ar. O tell me not my husband was ingrat,
Or that he did attempt to poyſon me,
Or that he laide me heare, and I was dead,
Theſe are no meanes at all to win my loue.

Anſ. Sweet Miſtris bequeath you to the earth,
You promiſ'd him to be his wife till death,
And you haue kept your promiſe, but now ſince
The worlde, your husband, and your friends ſuppoſe
That you are dead, grant me but one requeſt,
And I wil ſweare neuer to ſollicite more
Your ſacred thoughts to my diſhoneſt loue.

Miſ. Ar. So your demaund may be no preiudiſe
To my chaſt name, no wrong vnto my husband,
No ſute that may concern my wedlock breach,
I yeeld vnto it, but to paſſe the bands of modeſty and (chaſtity,
Firſt wil I bequeath my ſelfe againe
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,
Then taint my ſoule with black impurity

Anſ. Take here my hand and faithful heart to gage,
That I wil neuer tempt you more to ſinne:
This my requeſt is, ſince your husband doates
Vpon a lewd laſciuious curtezan,
Since he hath broake the bandes of your chaſt bed,
And like a murderer ſent you to your graue,
Do but go with me to my mothers houſe,
There ſhal you liu in ſecret for a ſpace,
Onely to ſee the end of ſuch lewd luſt,
And know the difference of a chaſt wiues bed,
And one whoſe life is in all looſeneſſe led.

Miſ. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,

Her counsell, conference and company,
May much auaile me, there a space ile stay,
Vpon condition as you said before,
You neuer will moue your vnchast sute more.
An. My faith is pawn'd, O neuer had chast wife,
A husband of so lewd and vnchast life! *Exeunt.*

Enter Mary, Brabo and Splay.

Bra. Mistres, I long haue serud you, euen since
These brisled haires vpon my graue like chin,
Were all vnborne, when I first came to you,
These infant feathers of these rauen wings,
Were not once begun.
Splay. No indeed they were not.
Bra. Now in my two much toes for a need,
wanting a rope, I could well hang my selfe,
I prethee Mistris for all my long seruice,
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,
Do me this fauour now to marry me.

Enter yong Arthur.

Ma. Marry come vp you block head, you great asse,
what, wouldst thou haue me marry with a diuell?
But peace, no more, here comes the seely foole
That we so long haue set our lime twigs for,
Be gone, and leaue me to intangle him.
Yong Ar. What, mistris *Mary?*
Ma. O good M. *Arthur*, where haue you beene this
weeke, this month, this yeare?
This yeare said I, where haue you beene this age,
Vnto a louer, euery minute seemes time out of mind.
How should I thinke you loue me
That can endure to stay so long from me?
Yong Ar. In faith sweet heart I saw thee yesternight.
Ma. I, true, you did, but since you saw me not,
At twelue a clocke you parted from my house,

And

And now tis morning, and new strucken seauen.
Seuen howres thou staidst from me, why didst thou so
They are my seuen yeares prentiship of wo.
Yong Ar. I prethee be patient, I had some occasion
That did inforce me from thee yesternight.
Ma. I, you are soone inforc'd, foole that I am,
To dote on one that nought respecteth me,
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,
And euery one shall haue their destiny.
Yong Ar. Nay weepe not wench, thou woundst mee
with thy teares.
Mary I am a foole, and so you make me too,
These teares were better kept, then spent in wast
On one that neither tenders them nor me,
what remedy, but if I chance to die.
Or to miscarry with that I go withall,
Ile take my death that thou art cause thereof,
You told me, that when your wife was dead
You would forsake all others, and take me.
Yong Ar. I told thee so, and I will keepe my word.
And for that end I came thus earely to thee,
I haue procur'de a licence, and this night
we will be married in a lawlesse church.
Ma. These newes reuiue me, and do somewhat ease
The thought that was gotten to my heart.
But shall it be to night?
Yong Ar. I wench, to night,
A sennet and od dayes since my wife died,
Is past already, and her timeles death,
Is but a nine dayes talke, come go with me,
And it shall be dispatcht presently.
Ma. Nay, then I see thou loueſt me, and I find,
By this last motion, thou art growne more kind.
Yon. Ar. My loue and kindnes like my age shall grow,

And

And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,
The older I grow, the kinder I will be.
Mary I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,
That with my age shall day by day decline,
Come shall we go?
Yong Ar. With thee to the worlds end,
Whose beauty most admire, and all commend.
Exeunt

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Anſ. Tis true, as I relate the circumstance,
And she is with my mother safe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alledge
Against her husband, nor for the loue,
That on mine owne part I can vrge her to,
Will shee be wonne to gratifie my loue.
Ful: All things are full of ambiguity,
And I admire this wondrous accident,
But *Anselme Arthur's* about a new wife, *a bona roba*,
How will shee take it when she heares this newes?
Anſ. I thinke euen as a vertuous matron should
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget some pitty from her flinty heart,
And I will vrge her with it presently.
Ful Vnlesse report be false, they are linkt already
They are fast as words can tie them: I will tel thee
How I by chance did meete him the last night,
One said to me, this *Arthur* did entend
To haue a wife, and presently to marry:
Amidst the street, I met him as my friend,
And to his loue a present he did carry,
It was some Ring, some stomacher or toy,
I spake to him and bad, God giue him ioy:
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what I pr..y:
Marry quoth I, your wedding that is toward,

Tis

Tis falſe quoth he, and would haue gone away,
Come, come, quoth I, ſo neare it, and ſo froward.
I vrgde him hard by our familiar loues,
Pray'd him withall, not to forget my gloues,
Then he began; your kindnes hath beene great
Your curteſie great, and your loue not common
Yet ſo much fauour pray let me entreat
To be excuſde from knowing any woman.
I knew the wench that is become his bride,
And ſmilde to thinke how deepely he had lide.
For firſt he ſwore, he did not court a maide,
A wife he could not, ſhe was elſewhere tide:
And as for ſuch as widdowes were, he ſaide,
And deepely ſwore, none ſuch ſhould be his Bride,
widow, nor wife, nor maid, I aſkt no more,
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

Enter Miſtres Arthur.

Anſ. Is it not miſtres *Mary* that you meane,
She that did dine with vs at *Arthurs* houſe?

Ful. The ſame, the ſame, here comes the Gentlewo-man,
Oh miſtres *Arthur*, I am of your counſell,
VVelcome from death to life.

Anſ. Miſtres, this gentleman hath news to tell ye,
And as you like of it, ſo thinke of me.

Ful. Your husband hath already got a wife,
A huffing wench yfaith, whoſe ruffling ſilkes
Make with their motion, muſicke vnto loue,
And you are quite forgotten.

Anſ. I haue ſworn to moue this my vnchaſt demand no more.

Eul. VVhen doth your colour change?
when doth your eyes ſparkle with fire to reuenge theſe wrongs?
when doth your tong breake into rage and wrath

Against that scum of manhood, your vile husband
He first misusde you.
Ans. And yet can you loue him?
Ful. He left your chast bed, to defile the bed
Of sacred marriage with a curtezan.
Ans. Yet can you loue him?
Ful And not content with this,
Abus'd your honest name with slaundrous wordes,
And fild your husht house with vnquietnes,
Ans. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Nay, did he not with his rude fingers
dash you on the face.
And double die your corrall lips with bloud,
Hath he not torne those gold wiars from your head
VVherewith *Apollo* would haue strung his harpe,
And keepe them to play musicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beat you & with his rude fists,
Vpon that crimson temperature of your cheekes,
Laid a lead colour with his boisterous blowes?
Ans. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Then did he not
Either by poyson, or some other plot
Send you to death, where by his prouidence,
God hath preseru'd you by wondrous miracle?
Nay, after death, hath he not scandaliz'd,
Your place with an immodest curtezan.
Ans. And can you loue him yet?
Mis. Ar. And yet, and yet, and still, and euer whilst
I breath this aire:
Nay, after death my vnsubstantiall soule
Like a good angell shall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme.
But is he maried? much good do his heart,
Pray God she may content him better far,

Than

Than I haue done: long may they liue in peace,
Till I disturbe their solace; but because
I feare some mischiefe doth hang o're his head,
Ile weepe mine eyes drie with my present care,
And for their healths make hoarse my tong with praier
Exit.

Ful. Art sure she is a woman? if she be
She is create of Natures purity.
Ans. O yes, I too well know she is a woman,
Henceforth my vertue shall my loue withstand,
And on my striuing thoughts get the vpper hand.
Ful. Then thus resolu'd, I straight will drink to thee
A health thus deepe, to drowne thy melancholy.
Exeunt.

Enter Mary, young Arthur, Brabo and Splay.

Ma. Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,
Shall I not go abroad, but when you please?
Can I not now and then meete with my friendes,
But at my comming home you will controwle me?
Mary come vp.
Yong Ar. Where art thou patience?
Nay rather, where's become my former spleene?
I had a wife would not haue vsde me so.
Ma. Why you lacke sawce, you Cuckold, you what,
what am not I of age sufficient. (no
To goe and come still when my pleasure serues,
But must I haue you sir to question me?
Not haue my will? yes, I will haue my will.
Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,
But shee is dead.
Bra. Not haue her will, sir she shall haue her will,
She sayes she will, and sir I say shee shall:
Not haue her will? that were a iest indeed.
Who sayes she shall not, if I bee dispos'de,

To man her forth, who shal find fault with it?
VVhats he that dares say blacks her eye?
Though you be married sir, yet you must know
That she was euer borne to haue her will.
Splay. Not haue her will, Gods passion, I say still,
A woman's no body that wants her will.
Yong Ar. VVhere is my spirit, what, shall I maintaine
A strumpet, with a *Brabo* and her bawde,
To beard me out of my authority?
VVhat, am I from a maister made a slaue?
Ma. A slaue? nay worse dost thou maintaine my man
And this my maid? Tis I maintaine them both.
I am thy wife, I wil not be dresst so
While thy gold lasts, but then most willingly
I will beqeeath thee to flat beggary.
I do already hate thee, do thy worst,
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shal he beate me?
Bra. Ile make him seeke his fingers mongst the dogs,
That dares to touch my Mistris: neuer feare,
My sword shal smooth the wrinkles of his browes,
That bend a frowne vpon my mystris.
Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vide me so,
But God is iust.
Mary. Now *Arthur*, if I knew
What in this world would most torment thy soule,
That I would do: would al my euill vsage
Could make thee strait dispaire, and hang thy selfe.
Now I remember, where is Arthurs man
Pipkin, that slaue, go turne him out of doores,
None that loues *Arthur* shal haue houseroome heere.

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* discharg the fellow.
Yong Ar. Shall I be ouer-maistred in my owne?
Be thy selfe *Arthur*, strumpet he shall stay.

Mary.

Ma. What shall he Brabo, shal he mistris Splay?

Bra Shall he? he shall not: breathes there any liuing
Dares say he shall, when Brabo sayes he shall not?

Yong Ar. Is there any law for this? she is my wife,
Shonld I complaine, I should be rather mockt:
I am contente, keepe by thee whom thou list.
Discharge whō thou thinkst good, do what thou wilt
Rise, go to bed, stay at home, go abroad
At thy good pleasure, keepe al companies:
So that for al this, I may haue but peace.
Be vnto me as I was to my wife,
Onely giue me what I denied her then,
A little loue, and some smal quietnesse,
If he displease thee turne him out of doores.

Pip. VVho me? turne me out of doors? is this all the wages I shal haue at the yeares end, to be turned out of doores? you Mistris, you are a:

Splay. A, what? speake, a what? touch her, & touch me, taint her, and taint me, speake, speak, a what?

Pip. Marry a woman that is kin to the frost.

Splay. How do you meane that? (stand

Pip. And you are a kin to the Lattin word, to vnder-

Splay. And whats that?

Pip. *Subaudi*, *Subaudi*: and sir do you not vse to pinke

Splay. And why? (dublets?

Pip. I tooke you for a cutter, you are of a great kinred; you are a cōmon cousener, euery body cals you cousen: besides, they say you are a very good warrener you haue bin an old Cony-catcher: but if I be turned a begging, as I know not what I am borne too, & that you euer com to the said trade, as nothing is vnpossible Ile set al the cōmon-wealth of beggers on your back, & al the cōgregatiō of vermin shal be put to your keeping, & then if you be not more bitten then al the com-

company of beggers beſides, Ile not haue my will:
zowns turn'd out of dores, Ile go & ſet vp my trade, a
diſh to drinke in that I haue within, a wallet that Ile
make of an old ſhirt, then my ſpeech, for the Lordes
ſake, I beſeech your worſhip, then I muſt haue a lame
leg, Ile go to footbal, and breake my ſhinnes, and I am
prouided for that.

Bra. What ſtands the villain prating, hence you ſlaue

Exit Pipkin.

Yong Ar. Art thou yet pleaſde?

Ma. VVhen I haue had my humor.

Yong Ar. Good friends for manners ſake a while

Bra. It is our pleaſure ſir to ſtand aſide. (withdraw,

Yon. Ar. Mary, what cauſe had'ſt thou to vſe me thus
From nothing I haue raiſde thee to much wealth,
T'was more then I did owe thee; many a pound
Nay many a hundred pound I ſpent on thee
In my wiues time: and once but by my meanes,
Thou had'ſt beene in much danger: but in all things
My purſe and credite euer bare thee out:
I did not owe thee this, I had a wife
That would haue laid her ſelfe beneath my feet,
To do me ſeruice, her I ſet at naught
For the entire affection I bare thee.
To ſhew that I haue loude thee, haue I not,
Aboue all women made chiefe choice of thee?
An argument ſufficient of my loue,
VVhat reaſon then haſt thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humor.

Yo. Ar. O but ſuch humors honeſt wiues ſhold purge
Ile ſhew thee a far greater inſtance yet,
Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,
Thou kneweſt my other wife, was ſhe not faire?

Ma. So, ſo.

Yong

Yong Ar. But more than faire, was she not vertuous,
Indued with the beauty of the mind?
Ma. Faith so they said.
Yo. Ar. Harke in thin eare, Ile trust thee with my life,
Then which what greater instance of my loue?
Thou knewst ful wel how sodainly she dide,
To enioy thy loue, euen then I poysoned her.
Ma. How poysoned her accursed murtherer,
Ile ring this fatal larum in al eares,
Than which, what greater instance of my hate
Yon. Ar. Wilt thou not keepe my counsel? (her
Ma. Villan, no: thou'lt poison me as thou hast poisond
Yon. Ar. Doost thou reward me thus for al my loue?
Then *Arthur*, flie and seeke to saue thy life
O difference twixt a chast and vnchast wife. *Exit.*
Ma. Pursue the murtherer, apprehend him straight.
Bra. Why, whats the matter Mistris,
Ma. This Vilaine *Arthur*, poisoned his first wife,
Which he in secret hath confest to me:
Goe and fetch warrants from the Iustices
To attach the murtherer, he once hang'd and dead,
His welth is mine: pursue the slaue thats fled.
Bra. Mistris, I wil, he shal not passe this land,
But I wil bring him bound with this strong hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them so?
Had I been borne a seruant, my low life
Had stedie stoode from all those miseries.
The wauing reedes stand free from euery gust,
When the tal okes are rent vp by the roots.
What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath:
Why are we proud of that which so soone changes?

But

But rather wish the beauty of the mind
VVhich neither Time can alter, sicknes change
Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of enuy
Smudge and disgrace, or spoile, or make deform'd.
O had my riotous husband borne this mind,
He had bin happy, I had bin more blest,
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest.

Enter young Arthur poorely.

Yong Ar. O whither shal I flie to saue my life,
when murther and dispaire dogs at my heeles,
O misery, thou neuer foundst a friend,
All friends forsake men in aduersity.
My brother hath denide to succour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murtherer,
My vnkles double bar their dores against me,
My father hath denide to shelter me,
And curst me worse than *Adam* did vile *Eue*,
I that within these two dayes had more friendes,
Than I could number with Arithmatike,
Haue now no more than one poore cipher is,
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe,
All that I durst commit my fortunes to,
I haue tried, and found none to relieue my wants,
My sodaine flight, and feare of future shame,
Left me vnfurnisht of all necessaries,
And these three dayes I haue not tasted food.

Mi. Ar. It is my husband, O how iust is heauen,
Poorely disguisde, and almost hunger starude,
How comes this change?

Yong Ar. Doth no man follow me,
O how suspitious guilty murder is,
I starue for hunger, and I die for shirst,
Had I a kingdom, I would sell my crowne
For a small bit of bread: I shame to beg,

And

And yet perforce I must (or beg, or steale)
This house belongs to some Gentlewoman,
And heer's a woman: I will beg of her.
Good mistres, looke upon a poore mans wants.
VVhome do I see? I take't now she is dead,
But that I saw her dead and buried,
I would haue sworne it had been *Arthurs* wife,
But I will leaue her, for this may be beggd
On one so much resembles her.
Mi. Ar. Com hither fellow, wherefore dost thou turn
Thy guilty looke and blushing face aside?
It seemes thou hast not been brought vp to this.
Yong Ar. You say true Mistresse for charity
And for her sake whome you resemble most,
Pitty my present want and misery.
Mi. Ar. It seems thou hast been in som better plight
Sit down I prethee, men though they be poore,
Should not be scorn'd, to ease thy hunger first,
Eate these coorse fare, and now I prethee tell me
what thou hast been, thy fortunes, thy estate,
And what she was that I resemble most.
Yong Ar. First know, that no mans face, or outward eye,
I thinke that shape was borne to doome good,
Mi. Ar. Hast thou known one that did resemble me.
Yo. Ar Mistres I cannot chuse, but weepe,
To call to mind the formes of her youth
Mist. Ar. Of what estate or birth was she?
yon. Ar. Borne of good parents, & aswel brought vp,
Most faire, but not so faire as vertuous,
Happy in all things but her marriage,
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,
By his lewd life made them both miserie
Mi. Ar. wby dost thou grieue at their aduersities?
yong Ar. O blame me not, that man my kinsman was,

Nearer to me [illegible]
As neare died [illegible]
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife
He whom I reuerend my [illegible] friend of mine,
Proning both mine and his owne [illegible] enemie,
Poysoned his wife, O that euer he did so,
Ioyed at her death, [illegible] to do so,
Exchang'd her bone for [illegible]
Foule wretch, accursed villaine to exchange so,
[illegible] You are welcome and well and happy to repent so,
But what became of [illegible]
Tong. O heare the mercies of the highest heauen
This [illegible]
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,
And now the wofull husband languisheth
Flies vpon pursuivants, he [illegible]
And now not dare he [illegible] repent his sinne,
Readie to [illegible]
Hauing no meanes but teares to [illegible]
Mis. Ar. I can [illegible] no more but I must weepe,
My blabbing [illegible]
Tong. Why weepe you sister, if you had the [illegible]
I thinke that [illegible]
But [illegible] dead and for her death
The spunge of either eye [illegible]
Shal weepe out teares til euery veine [illegible]
Mis. Ar. Why weepe you friend, [illegible]
Repentance wipes away the drops of sinne,
Yet tel me friend, he did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and honour'd him, to kill,
Yet say one [illegible]
Bids him be of good cheare, for [illegible]
Her soule [illegible]
Wishing he may [illegible]

Faine would I giue him money to supply
His present wants, but fearing he should spy
And getting ouer to some forren shore,
These rainy eyes should neuer see him more.
My heart is full, I can no longer stay,
But what I am my loue must needes bewray.
Fare wel good fellow, and take this to spend,
Say one like her commends her to your friend. *Exit.*

Yo. Ar. No friend of mine, I was my owne soules foe,
To murther my chaste wife that lou'd me so,
In life she lou'd me dearer than her life,
What husband here but would wish such a wife,
I heare the Officers with hu and cry,
She sau'd my life but now, and now I die.
And welcome death, I will not flinch from hence,
Death I deserue, Ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo with officers, Slay and Hugh.

Bra. Heere is the murtherer, and *Reason* man,
You haue the warrant, then lay hands on him,
Attach the slaue and lead him bound to death.

Hugh No by my faith M. *Brabo*, you hau the beter hart at leath you should haue, I am sure you hau more yron and steele than I haue, doe you lay hands vppon him, I promise you I dare not.

Bra. Constables forward, forward Officers,
I will not thrust my finger in the fire,
Lay hands on him I say keep you back!
I meane to be the hindmost, lest that any
Should runne away, and leaue the rest in perill.
Stand forward, are you not ashamde to feare,

Yo. Ar. Nay neuer striue, behold I yeeld my selfe,
I must commend your resolution,
That being so many and so weapon'd,
Dare not aduenture on a man vnarmde.

Now lead me to what prison you thinke best:
Yet vse me well I am a Gentleman.

Hugh Truely M. *Arthur*, we will vse you as well as heart can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my mistris is chiefe, you shall command me.

Bra. VVhat hath he yeelded? if he had withstood vs
This Curtelax of mine had cleft his head,
Resist he durst not when once he spied me,
Come lead him hence, how like'st thou this sweet witch.
This fellowes death will make our mistres rich.

Splay I say I care not who's dead or alive,
So by their liues or deathes, we two may thriue.

Hugh Come, beare him away.

Enter Iustice Heedlesse, Old Arthur, old Lusam.

Iust. Old M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lusam*, so is it that I haue heard both your complaints, but vnderstood neither, for you know *Leges & non intelligere negligere est.*

Old Ar. I come for fauour, as a father should,
Pittying the fall and ruine of his sonne.

Old Las. I come for iustice as a father should,
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter.

Iust. You come for fauour, and you come for iustice,
Iustice with fauour is not partiall,
And vsing that I hope to please you both.

Old Ar. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my sonne.

Old Lu. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my daughter.

Iust. VVhy so I do, I thinke vpon them both,
But can do neither of you good.
For he that liues must die, and he that's dead
Cannot be reuiued.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, thou seek'st to rob me of my sonne my onely sonne.

Old Las. He robd me of my daughter, my onely daughter.

Iust. And robbers are flat fellons by the law.

Old Ar. Lusam, I say thou art a bloud-sucker,
A tyrant, a remorceleſſe Canyball:
Old as I am Ile proue it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am I a bloud-sucker or Canibal?
Am I a tyrant that do thirſt for bloud?

Old Ar. I, if thou seekſt the ruine of my sonne,
Thou art a tyrant and a bloud-sucker.

Old Lu. I, if I seeke the ruine of thy son, I am indeed.

Old Ar. Nay more, thou art a dotard,
And in the right of my accuſed sonne,
I challenge thee the field, meet me I say
To morrow morning beſides *Islington*,
And bring thy sword and buckler if thou dar'ſt.

Old Lu. Meet thee with my sword and buckler?
There's my gloue.
Ile meet thee to reuenge my daughters death.
Call'ſt thou me dotard? Though theſe threeſcore yeeres
I neuer hadled weapon but a knife
To cut meate, yet will I meet thee there.
Gods precious cal me dotard?

Old Ar. I haue cauſe,
Iuſt cauſe to call thee dotard, haue I not?

Old Lu. Nay thats another matter, haue you cauſe?
Then God forbid that I ſhould take exceptions,
To be cald dotard of one that hath cauſe.

Iuſt. My Maiſters, you muſt leaue this quarrelling, for quarrellers are neuer at peace, & men of peace, while they are at quiet, are neuer quarrelling: ſo you, while you fall into brawles, you cannot choose but iarre. Heere comes your ſonne accuſed, and your wife the accuſer: ſtand forth both, & be ready with your pen and inke to take their examinations and confeſſions.

Enter Mary, Sylly, Bracegerg, Arthur Hugh, and Officers.

Tong Ar. It shall not need, I do confesse the deed,
Of which this woman here accuseth me:
I poysoned my first wife, and for that deed
I yeeld me to the mercy of the law.
Old Luf. Villaine, thou meanest my onely daughter,
And in her death depriuedst me of all ioyes.
Tong Ar. I meane her, I do confesse the deed,
And though my body taste the force of law,
Like an offender, on my knee I beg,
Your angry soule will pardon me her death.
Old Luf. Nay, if he kneeling do confesse the deed,
No reason but I should forgiue her death.
Iust. Run lo the law must not be satisfide,
Bloud must haue bloud, and men must haue death,
I thinke that cannot be dispenc'de withall.
Mar. If all the world else would forgiue the deed,
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.
Tong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vide me so,
The wealth of Europe could not hire her tong
To be offensiue to my patient eares,
But in exchanging her, I did presume
A diuell before a Saint, night before day,
Hell before heauen, and drosse before tried gold,
Neuer was bargaine with such damage sold.
Bra. If you want witnes to confirme this deed,
I heard him speake it, and that to his face,
Before this audience I will iustifie,
I will not part hence till I see him swing.
Sylly. I heard him too, pity but he should die,
And, like a murtherer, be sent to hell.
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.
Mar. Villaine
Why stay you then, giue iudgement on the.

What-

VVhose shameles life deserues a shameful graue.
Yon. Ar. Deaths bitter pangs are not so ful of griefe,
As this vnkindnes: euery word thou speak'st,
Is a sharpe dagger thrust quite through my heart,
As little I deserue this at thy hands,
As my kinde patient wife deserude of me,
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then wherefore at iust plagues should I repine?
Iust. VVhere shalt thou buy this poyson for such
Are felony for any man to sell. (drugs
Yong Ar. I had the poyson of a mountebanke,
But innocent man he was not accessary
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed.
Iust. No matter fetch him, fetch him, being thus.
To answere to this matter at the barre,
Hugh, take these officers and apprehend him,
Hug. He ride him too, the Schoolemaister I see,
Perhaps may hang with him for company.

Enter Iustice and Yong Arthur.

Iust. This is the day of *Arthurs* examination,
And triall for the murder of his wife,
Lets heare how Iustice *Iohn* will proceed
In censuring of his finall punishment.
Fol. Anselm content, lets inuit in among the rutors.

Enter Aminadab brought in with Officers.

Amin. O Domine, what meane these knaues
To lead me thus with bills and glaues?
O what example would it be,
To all my pupils for to see,
To treade their steps all after me.
If for some fault I hanged bee,
Somewhat surely I shall answere,
If you bring me to the barre,
But peace, betake thee to thy wits,

For

For yonder Iustice Reason sits.

Iust. Sir Dad, sir Dab, heere's one accuseth you
To giue him poyson being ill imployed.
Speake how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

Ami. Hes mihi, what should I say, the poyson giuen I denay, be took it perforce from my hands. *Dominie*, why not?
Got it of a Gendeman, he most freely gaue it,
Aske, he knew me, a needes was onely to haue it.

Iust. Ar. It is true, I tooke it from this man perforce,
And snatcht it from his hand by rude constraint,
Which proues him in this act not culpable.

Iust. I, but who sold the poyson vnto him?
That must be like vnto knowne, speake schoolemaster.

Ami. A man *verie* like that was a fine gentleman,
He was a great guller, his name I take to be *Fuller*.
See where he stands that vnto my hands conueyed a powder.
And like a knaue sent her to her graue obscurely to shrowde her.

Iust. Lay hands on him, are you a poyson seller?
Bring him before vs, sirra what say you?
Sold you a poyson to this honest man?

Ful. I sold no poyson, but I gaue him one
To kill his rats.

Iust. Ha, ha, I smell a rat.
You sold him poyson then to kill his rats?
The word to kill argues a murderous mind,
And you are brought in compas of the murder.
So set him by, we will not heare him speake,
That *Arthur*, *Fuller*, and the Schoolemaster,
Shall by the Iudges be examined.

Anſ. Sir, if my friend may not speake for himselfe,
Yet let me his proceedings iustifie.

Iust.

Iust. Whats he that will a murther iustifie?
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I say,
For iustifiers are al accessaries,
And accessaries haue deseru'd to die.
Away with him, we wil not heare him speake,
They al shal to the high Commissioners.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. Nay, stay them, stay them yet a little while
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I wil please al partis presently.

Yong Ar. I thinke my wiues ghost haunts me to my death,
Wretch that I was, to shorten her liues breath.

Old Ar. Whom do I see, my sonnes wife?

Old Lu. What my daughter?

Iust. Is it not Mistris *Arthur* that we see,
That long since buried we suppos'd to be?

Mis. Ar. This man is condemnd for poysoning of his wife,
His poysoned wife yet liues, and I am she;
And therefore iustly I release his bands:
This man for suffering him these druggs to take,
Is likewise bound, release him for my sake.
This Gentleman that first the poyson gaue,
And this his friend to be releasde I craue.
Murther there cannot be, where none is kild,
Her bloud is sau'd, whom you suppos'de was spild.
Father in law, I giue you heere your sonne,
The acts to do, which you suppos'de was donne.
And father, now ioy in your daughters life,
Whom heauen hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.

Old Ar. O welcome, welcome daughter, now I see,
God by his power hath preserued thee.

Old Lu. And tis my wench, whom I suppos'd was dead,
My ioy reuiues, and my sad woe is fled.

jon. Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,
My ſoule's tranſported to an extaſie,
For hope and ioy confound my memory.
Ma. VVhat do I ſee, liues *Arthurs* wife againe?
Nay, then I labour for his death in vaine.
Bra. What ſecret force did in nature lurke,
That in her ſoule the poyſon would not worke.
Spley How can it be the poiſon tooke no force,
She liues with that which would haue kilde a horſe.
Miſ. Ar. Nay ſhunne me not, be not aſhamde at all
To heauen not me, for grace and pardon call.
Looke on me *Arthur*, bluſh not at my wrongs.
jon. Ar. Still feare & hope my griefe & wo prolongs
But tell me by what power thou didſt ſuruiue?
VVith my owne hands I temperd that vilde draught,
That ſent thee breathles to thy Grandſires graue,
If that were poyſon I receiude of him.
Ami. That *ego neſcio*, but this dram,
Receiu'd I of this Gentleman,
The colour was to kill my rats,
But t'was my owne life to diſpatch.
Ful. Is it euen ſo, then this ambiguous doubt,
No man can better then my ſelfe decide,
That compound powder was of Poppie made and
Of purpoſe to caſt one into a ſleepe, (Mandrakes
To eaſe the deadly paine of him, whoſe leg (maiſter
Should be ſawd off, that powder gaue I to the School-
Ami. And that ſame powder, euen that *idem*.
You tooke from me the ſame *per fidem*.
jon. Ar. And that ſame powder, I commixt with wine
Our godly knot of wedlocke to vntwine. (graue
Old Ar. But daughter, who did take thee from thy
Old Lu. Diſcourſe it daughter.
Anſ. Nay that labour ſaue:

Pardon

Pardon me M. *Arthur*, I will now
Confesse the former frailty of my loue,
Your modest wife with words I tempted oft,
But neither ill I could report of you,
Nor any good I could forge for my selfe,
VVould winne her to attend to my request,
Nay, after death I loude her, insomuch
That to the vault where shee was buried,
My constant loue did lead me to the darke,
There ready to haue tane my last farewell,
The parting kisse I gaue her, I felt warme,
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers house,
where she hath since liu'd the most chast and true,
That since the worlds creation eye did view.
Yon. Ar. My first wife stand you here, my second there
And in the midst my selfe: he that will chuse
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me
That haue tried both, in wealth and misery.
A good wife will be carefull of her fame,
Her husbands credite, and her owne good name,
And such art thou. A bad wife will respect,
Her pride, her lust, and her good name neglect
And such art thou. A good wife will be still
Industrious, apt to do her husbands will.
But a bad wife, crosse, spightfull, and madding
Neuer keepe home, but alwaies be gadding,
And such art thou. A good wife will conceale
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale,
That may procure him harme, and such art thou.
But a bad wife corrupts chast wedlocks vow,
On this hand vertue, and on this hand sinne,
This who would striue to loose, or this to win?
Here liues perpetuall ioy, here burning woe.
Now husbands choose on which hand you will go.

Seeke vertuous wiues, all husbands will be blest,
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are best:
They that my fortune will partake, draw neere,
No beautie's like the beauty of the mind.

FINIS.

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A

PLEASANT

conceited Comedie, where-
in is shewed, how a man
may choose a good wife
from a bad.

As it hath beene sundry times
acted by the Earle of Wor-
cesters servants.



LONDON,
Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at
his shop in Paules Church-yard, neere vnto S.
Augustines gate, at the signe of
the Foxe. 1[illegible]

Anſ. How lik'ſt thou this?

Ful. As ſchoole boyes iierkes, Apes whips, as Lions
As furies do faſting dayes, and diuels croſſes, (crocks,
As maides to haue their mariage dayes put off.
I like it as the thing I moſt do loath,
VVhat wilt thou do for ſhame perſiſt no more
In this extremity of frinolous lobe,
I ſee my doctrine moues no preciſe eares,
But ſuch as are profeſt *inamorates*.

Anſ. O I ſhall die.

Ful. Tuſh, liue to laugh a little,
Heeres the beſt ſubiect that thy loue affoords,
Liſten a while and heare this: ho boy, ſpeake.

Ami. *As in preſenti*, thou loathſt the gift I ſent thee,
Nolo plus tarry but die, for the beauteous Mary, (by?
Fain would I die by a ſword, but what ſword ſhal I die
Or by a ſtone, what ſtone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi*. (vaines
Knife I haue non to ſheth in my breſt, or empty my ful
Here is no wall or poſt that I can ſoile with my bru'ſd braines.
Firſt will I therefore ſay 2 or 3 Creedes & Auemaries
And after go buy a poyſon at the Apothecaries.

Ful. I pray thee *Anſelme* but obſerue this fellow
Doeſt not heare him? he would die for loue:
That miſh-ſhapt loue thou wouldſt condemn in him
I ſee in thee, I prethee note him well.

Anſ. VVere I aſſurd that I were ſuch a louer.
I ſhould be with my ſelfe quite out of loue:
I prethee lets perſwade him ſtill to liue.

Ful. That were a dangerous caſe, perhaps the fellow
In deſperation would to ſooth vs vp,
Promiſe repentant recantation,
And after fall into that deſperate courſe,
Both which I will preuent with policy.

Am. O death com with thy dart, com death whē I bid
Mors vem veni mors, & from this misery rid me: (thee,
she whom I lou'd, whō I lou'd, eu'n she my sweet pre-
Doth but flout, & mock, & iest, & dissimulary. (ty *Mary*

Ful. Ile fit him finely, in this paper is
The iuyce of Mandrake, by a Doctor made,
To cast a man, whose leg should be cut off
Into a deepe, a colde and senseless sleepe,
Of such approued operation,
That who so takes it, is for twice twelue houres,
Breathlesse, and to all mens iudgements, past al sense:
This will I giue the pedant, but in sport,
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but esteeme it as a iest:
Besides, it may be a meanes to saue his life,
For being perfect poyson, as it seemes,
His meaning is, some couetous slaue for coine,
Will sell it him, though it be held by law,
To be no better then flat selony.

Anſ. Vphold the iest, but he hath spied vs, peace,

Ami. Gentles God saue you,
Here is a man I haue noted oft, most learnd in phisicke
One man he helpt of the cogh, another he heald of the
And I wil boord him thus: *Salue, o salue magister.* (tisick

Ful. Gratus mihi aduenis, quid mecum vis,

Ami. Optatum venis, paucis te volo.

Ful. Si quid industria nostra tibi faciat, dic quesо.

Ami. Attend me sir, I haue a simple house,
But as the learned *Diogenes* saith,
In his Epistle to *Tertullian*,
It is extreamely troubled with great rats,
I haue no *musse* pusse, nor grey eyde cat,
To hunt them out, O could your learned Art.
Shew me a meanes how I might poyson them.

Tuus dum suus, sir Aminadab
Ful. With al my heart, I am no Rat-catcher,
But if you need a poyson, here is that
Will pepper both your dogs and rats and cats:
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,
And as it proues I pray you send to me,
And let me know, would you aught else with me?
Ami. Minime quidem, heres that you say wil take them:
A thousand thanks sweet sir, I say to you
As Tully in his Esops Fables said,
Ago tibi gratias, so farewel, *vale.* *Exit.*
Full. Adew. Come let vs goe, I long to see
What the euent of this new iest will bee.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yon. Ar. Good morrow Gentlemen, saw you not this (way
As you were walking, Sir Aminadab?
An. M. *Arthur*, as I take it.
Yong Ar. Sir, the same.
An. Sir, I desire you more familiar loue,
Would I could bid my selfe vnto your house;
For I haue wisht for your acquaintance long.
Yong Ar. Sweet M. *Anselme* I desire yours too.
Wil you come dine with me to morrow,
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.
Ans. I feare sir I shall proue too bold a guest.
Yon. Ar You shal be welcome if you bring your friend.
Ful. O Lord sir, we shall be too troublesome.
Yon. Ar. Nay, now I will inforce a promise from you,
Shall I expect you?
Ful. Yes with all my heart.
An. A thousand thanks. Yonders the schoolmaster.
So till to morrow twenty times farewell.
Yon. Ar. I double al your farewels twenty fold.
An. O this acquaintance was well scrapte of me,

By.

By this my loue to morrow I shall see. *Exit.*

Ami. This poison shall by force expell,
Amorem loue, *infernum* hell.
Per hoc venenum ego I,
For my sweet louely lasse will die.

Yon. Ar. VVhat do I heare of poyson, which sweet (meanes
Must make me a braue frolick widower?
It seemes the doting foole being forlorne
Hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire
To end his desparate fortunes and his life:
Ile get it from him, and with this make way
To my wiues night, and to my Loues faire day.

Ami. In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:
I know death comes here such a smel
Pater & Mater, father and mother,
Frater & soror, sister and brother,
And my sweete mary, not these drugges,
Doe send me to the infernall bugges,
But thy vnkindnesse: so adeu,
Hob-gobblins now I come to you.

Yon. Ar. Hold man, I say what will the mad man doe?
I haue I got thee: thou shalt goe with me:
No more of that, fie sir Minadab,
Destroy your selfe: if I but heare hereafter
You practise such reuenge vpon your selfe,
All your friends shall know that for a wench,
A paltry wench, you would haue kild your selfe.

Ami. O *tace queso*, doe not name
This frantick deed of mine for shame:
My sweet *maister* not a word,
Ile neither drowne me in a ford,
Nor giue my neck such a scope,
To imbrace it with a hempen rope:
Ile die no way til nature will mee,

And death come with his dart and kill me
If what is past, you will conceale,
And nothing to the world reueale,
Nay as *Quintilian* saide of yore,
Ile striue to kill my selfe no more:

Yon.Ar. On that condition, Ile conceale this deede,
To morrow pray come and dine with me,
For I haue many strangers: mongst the rest
Some are desirous of your company,
You will not faile me?

Ami. No in sooth, Ile trie the sharpenes of my tooth
In stead of poyson I will eate,
Rabbets, capons, and such meate,
And so, as *Pythagoras* saies,
With wholesome fare prolong my dayes.
But Sir, will mistres *Mal* be there?

Yon.Ar. She shall, she shal man, neuer feare,

Ami. Then my spirit becomes stronger,
And I w'll liue and stretch longer,
For *Ouid* said, and did not lie,
That poysoned men do often die,
But poyson henceforth ile not eate,
Whilst I can other victuals get,
To morrow if you make a feast,
Be sure sir I will be your guest,
But keepe my counsell, *vale tu*,
And till to morrow sir, adieu:
At your table I will proue,
If I can eate away my loue. *Exit.*

Yon.Ar. O I am glad I haue thee, now deuise
A way how to bestow it cunningly,
It shall be thus: to morrow Ile pretend
A reconcilement twixt my wife and me,
And to that end I will inuite thus many.

First Iuſtice *reaſon*, as the chiefe man there,
My father Arther, old Luſam, yong Luſam, M. Fuller.
And M. Anſelme I haue bid already.
Then will I haue my hope mary too,
Be it but to ſpite my wife before I die:
For die ſhee ſhall before to morrow night,
The operation of this poiſon is,
Not ſuddenly to kill, they that take it
Fall in a ſleepe and then it is paſt recure,
And this will I put in her Cup to morrow.

Enter Pipkin running.

Pip. This it is to haue ſuch a Maiſter, I haue ſought him at the Change, at the School, at euery place, but I can not finde him no where. O cry mercy my Miſtres would intreat you to come home.

Yong Ar. I cannot come to night, ſom vrgent buſines
Will all this night imploy me otherwiſe.

Pip. I beleeue my miſtreſſe would kon you as much thanke to doe that buſines at home as abroad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my purſe, & bid my wife prouide
Good cheare againſt to morrow, there will be,
Two or three ſtrangers of my late acquaintance,
Sirrah go you to Iuſtice *Reaſons* houſe,
Inuite him firſt with all ſolemnity,
Goe to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,
Here take this note,
The reſt that come I will inuite my ſelfe,
About it with what quicke diſpatch thou canſt.

Pip. I warrant you Maſter ile diſpatch this buſineſſe with more honeſty, then youl diſpatch yours. But maſter, will the Gentlewoman be there?

Yon. Ar. VVhat Gentlewoman?

Pip. The Gentlewoman of the old houſe, that is aſwel known by the color ſhe laies of her cheeks, as an ale-

house by the painting is laid of his lettice: she that is like *Homo*, common to all men: shee that is beholding to no trade, but liues of her selfe.

Yon. Ar. Sirra be gone, or I will send you hence.

Pip. Ile go, but by this hand ile tel my mistres as soon as I come home, that mistres lightheeles comes to dinner to morrow.

Yon. Ar. Sweet Mistres *Mary* Ile inuite my selfe,
And there Ile frolicke, sup and spend the night.
My plot is currant, here tis in my hand,
VVill make me happy in my second choice,
And I may freely challenge as mine owne,
VVhat I am now inforcde to seeke by stealth.
Loue is not much vnlike ambition,
For in them both all lets must be remoued,
Twixt euery crowne and him that would aspire,
And he that will attempt to winne the same,
Must plunge vp to the depth o're head and eares,
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.
So he that loues, must needs through bloud and fire,
And do all things to compasse his desire.

Enter Mistresse Arthur and her maid.

Mi. Ar. Come spread the table, is the hall wel: ub'd
The cushions in the windowes neately laid,
The cupboord of plate set out, the casements stucke
VVith Rosemary and flowers, the Carpets brusht?

Maid I forsooth Mistris.

Mis. Looke to the kitchin maid, and bid the Cooke take downe the Quen stone, the Pies be burnt: here take my keyes, and giue him out more spice.

Maid Yes forsooth mistres.

Mi. Ar. VVher's that knaue *Pipkin*, bid him spread the cloth,
Fetch the cleane Diaper napkins from my chest.
Set out the guilded salt, and bid the fellow

Make

Make himself handsome, get him a cleane band.
Maid Indeed forsooth mistres, he is such a slouen
That nothing will fit handsome about him,
He had a pound of Sope to scowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like a chimney stocke.
Mi. Ar. Heele be a slouen still: Maid take this apron,
And bring me one of linnen, quickly maid.
Maid I go forsooth. *Exit maid.*
Mis. Ar. There was a curtsie, let me see't again:
I, that was well, I feare my guests will come,
Ere we be ready, what a spight is this?
Within mistresse.
Mi. Ar. What's the matter.
within Mistresse I pray take Pipkin from the fire,
We cannot keepe his fingers from the rost.
Mi. Ar. Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that:
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchin,
Still broiling by the fire.
Enter Pipkin.
Pip. I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire
Till the brath be inough.
Enter maid with an apron.
Mi. Ar. Wel sirrah, get a napkin and a trencher
and wait to day. So, let me see my apron.
Pip. Mistres I can tell you one thing, my M. wench
will come home to day to dinner.
Enter Iustice Reason and his man.
Mis. Ar. She shall be welcome if she be his guest.
But heer's some of our guests are come already:
A chaire for Iustice *Reason*, sirra. (huswife,
Iu. Good morrow mistres *Arthur*, you are like a good
At your request I am come home: what a Chaire!
Thus age seekes ease: where is your husband mistris?
what a cushin too?

Pip.

Pip. I pray you ease your taile Sir.

Iust. Mary and will good fellow, twenty thanks.

Pip. M. *Hue* as welcom as hart can tel, or tong can think

H. I thank you M. *Pipkin*, I haue got many a good dish of broth by your meanes.

Pip. According to the aunciet curtesie, you are welcome: according to the time & place, you are hartily welcom: whē they are busied at the boord, we wil find our selus busied in the buttery, & so sweet *Hugh* acording to our schollers phrase, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

Hu. I wil answer you with the like, sweet *Pipkin gratias*

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh.* But here comes more guests.

Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam.

Mis. Ar. More stools & cushins for these gentlemen.

Old Ar. VVhat M Iustice *Reason* are you here,
who wold haue thoght to haue met you in this place?

Old Lu. What say mine eyes, is Iustice *Reason* here?
Mountaines may meet and so I see may we.

Iust. Wel, when men meet they meet,
And when they part, they oft leaue one anothers com-
So we being met are met. pany:

Old Lu. Truly you say true,
And M. Iustice *Reason* speakes but reason,
To heare how wisely men of law will speake.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Good morrow gentlemen,

Mis. Ar. VVhat are you there?

An. Good morrow Mistris, and good morrow all.

Iust. If I may be so bold in a strange place,
I say good morrow, and as much to you,
I pray Gentlemen will you sit downe?
VVe haue beene yong like you, and if you liue
Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

Ful.

Ful. Be rulde by reason, but who's here?

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. *Saluete omnes*, and good day,
To all at once as I may say,
First M. *Iustice*, next old *Arthur*,
That giues me pension by the quarter,
To my good Mistres and the rest,
That are the founders of this feast,
In briefe I speake to *omnes* all,
That to their meat intend to fall.

Iust. Welcome sir *Aminadab*, O my sonne,
Hath profited exceeding well with you,
Sit downe, sit downe by Mistres *Arthurs* leaue.

Enter Yong Arthur, young Lafam and mistresse Mary.

Yon. Ar. Gentlemen, welcome al, whilst I deliuer
Their priuate welcomes, wife, be it your charge
To giue this Gentlewoman entertainement.

Mis. Ar. Husband I will. O this is she vsurpes,
The precious interest of my husbands loue:
Though as I am a woman, I could well,
Thrust such a lewd companion out of doores,
Yet as I am a true obedient wife,
I de kisse her feet to do my husbands will:
You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,
Indeed you are, pray do not doubt of it. (nesty,

Ma. I thank you Mistres *Arthur*, now by my little ho-
It much repents me to wrong so chast a woman.

Yon. Ar. Gentles, put ore your legs first, M. *Iustice*,
Here you shall sit.

Iust. And here shall Mistris *Arthur* sit by me.

Yong Ar. Pardon me sir, she shall haue my wifes place.

Mis. Ar. Indeed you shall, for he will haue it so.

Mary If you will needs, but I shal do you wrong to
take your place.

Old Lu: I by my faith you should. (wrong,
Mi. Ar: That is no wrong which we impute no
I pray you sit.
Yon. Ar. Gentlemen all, I pray you seat your selues:
VVhat sir *Aminadab*, I know where your heart is.
Amin. Mum, not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace:
Come Gentles, ile be of this messe.
Yong Ar: So, who giues thanks?
Amin: Sir, that will *I*.
Yong Ar: I pray you to it by and by, wheres Pipkin?
VVait at the boord, let master *Reasons* man
Be had into the buttry, but first giue him
A napkin and a trencher: Wel said *Hugh*,
VVait at your Masters elbow: Now say Grace:
Ami: *Gloria Deo*, sirs, proface,
Attend me now whilst I say Grace:
For bread and salt, for grapes and malt,
For flesh and fish, and euery dish,
Mutton and beefe, of all meates chiefe,
For Cowheeles, chitterlings, tripes and fowse
And other meate that's in the house,
For racks, for breasts, for legs, for loines,
For pies with raisins and with prunes,
For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes,
For venison pasties and mincde pies,
Shreepes head and garlicke, brawne and mustard
Custards, spiced cakes, tartes and custard:
For capons, rabbets, piggs and geese,
For apples, carrawaies and cheese,
For all these and many mo,
Benedicamus Domino.
All: Amen.
Iust: I know you thanks, but sir *Aminadab*,
Is that your scholler? Now I promise you

He is a toward stripling of his age.

Pip. VVho I forsooth, yes indeed forsooth, I am his scholer, I would you should well think, I haue profited vnder him too, you shall heare it he will pose me.

Old Ar. I pray you lets heare him.

Ami. Hue ades Pipkin.

Pip. Adsum.

Ami. *Quot Casus sunt*, how many Cases are there?

Pip. Many a great many.

Ami. VVell answerde, a great many, there are fiue, Sixe, a great many, tis well answered, And which be they?

Pip. A Bow case, a Cap case, a Combe case, a Lute case, a Field case, and a candle case.

Iust. I know them all, againe well answered: Pray God my youngest boy profit no worse.

Ami. How many parsons are there?

Pip. Ile tell you as many as I know, if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

Anselm. I prethee doe.

Pip. The Parson of Fanchurch, the parson of Pancridge, & the Parson of

Yon' Ar. Well sir, about your busines, now will I Temper the Cup my loathed wife shall drinke. *Exit.*

Old Ar. Daughter me thinks you are exceeding sad,

Old La. Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad.

Mi. Ar. Tis but my countenance, for my hart is merry Mistres, were you as merry as you are welcome You should not sit so sadly as you do.

Ma: Tis but because I am seated in your place, VVhich is frequented seldom with true mirth.

Mi. Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How say you Lady to him you last did lie by? All is no more, *prohibe tibi.*

Ma. I thank you sir, Mistres this draught shall be
To him that loues both you and me.
Mist. Ar, I know your meaning.
Ars. Now to me,
If you haue either loue or charity.
Mist. Ar. Heare M. *Iustice*, this to your graue eares,
A mournfull draught God wot, half wine, half teares
Iust. Let come my wench, here yongsters to you all,
You are silent, heere's that will make you talke,
Wenches me thinks you sit like Puritans.
Neuer a iest abroad to make them laughe
Ful. Sir, since you moue speech of a Puritan,
If you will giue me audience, I will tell yee
As good a iest as euer ye did heare.
Old Ar. A iest, that's excellent.
Iust. Before hand let's prepare our selues to laugh,
A iest is nothing if it be not grac'd:
Now, now I pray you, when begins this iest?
Ful. I came vnto a Puritane to wod her,
And roughly did salute her with a kisse,
Away quoth she, and rudely pusht me fro her,
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this,
And still with amorous talke she was saluted,
My artles speech with scripture was confuted.
Old Ia. Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard.
Old Ar. I promise you it was exceeding good.
Ful. Oft I frequented her abroad by night,
And courted her, and spake her wondrous faire,
But euer somewhat did offend her sight,
Either my double ruffe, or my long haire,
My skarfe was vaine, my garments hung too low,
My Spanish shoo was cut too broad at toe.
All Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.
Ful. I parted for that time, and came againe

Seeming to be conformde in looke and speech,
My shoes were sharpe toed, and my band was plaine,
Close to my thigh, my metamorphosde breech
My cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut shorter,
Off went my scarffe, thus marchde I to the Porter.

All Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?

Ful. The Porter spying me, did lead me in
Where his faire mistres late reading on a Chapter,
Peace to this house quoth I, and those within,
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,
And euer as I spake, and came her nie,
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.

Iust. So, so, what then, what then,

Old Lus. Forward, I pray forward sir.

Ful. I spake diuinely, and I said her sister,
And by that meanes we were acquainted well:
By yea and nay, I will quoth I and kist her,
She blusht and said, that long long time would tell,
I deemde to be as secret as the night,
And said, I would put out the light.

Old Ar. Insooth he would, a passing, passing iest.

Ful. O doe not sweare quoth she, yet put it out
Because I would not haue you breake your oath,
I felt a bed there as I groapt about,
In troth quoth I, here will we iest vs both,
Sweare you in troth quoth shee, had you not sworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in foule scorne,
Then you will come quoth I, though she loath,
Ile come quoth she, be it but to keepe your oath.

Iust. Tis very pretty, but now when's the iest?

Old Ar. O forward to the iest in any ease.

Old Lus. I would not for an angel loose the iest.

Ful. Heres right the dungfall cocke that finds a pearl,
To talke of wit to these, is as a

Should

Should cost you twelue a heird of swine,
VVhy in the last words did consist the iest.
Old Lu: I, in the last words? ha, ha, ha,
It was an excelent admired iest,
To them that vnderstood it.

Enter yong Arthur with a cup of wine.

Iust: It was indeed, I must for fashions sake,
Say as they say, but otherwise O God,
Good M. *Arthur* thanks for our good cheare.
Yong Ar: Gentlemen welcom all, now heare me speak
One speciall cause that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for ancient grudge that hath long since,
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,
The wrongs that I haue done her I recant,
In either hand I hold a seuerall cup.
This in the right hand, wife I drinke to thee,
This in the left hand, pledge me in this draught,
Burying all former hatred, so haue to thee: *He drinkes.*
Mis: Ar: The welcomst pledge that yet I euer tooke,
VVere this wine poyson, or did tast like gall,
The honey sweet condition of your draught
VVould make it drinke like Nectar, I will pledge you
VVere it the last that I should euer drinke.
Yong Ar: Make that account, thus Gentlemen you see
Our late discord brought to an vnity.
Amicitiæ quam bonum & quam iucundum
Est habitare fratres in vnum:
Old Ar. My heart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge,
And I am glad to see this sweet accord.
Old Lu: Glad quoth a, there is not one amongst vs
But may be exceeding glad.
Iust: I am, I mary am I that I am.
Yong Ar: The best accord that could betide their loues
Ans: The worst accord that could betide my loue.

Still about to rise.

Ami. What, rising Gentles? keepe your places,
Ile close vp your stomacks with a grace,
O domine, & chare Pater,
That giu'st vs wine in stead of water,
And from the Pond and Riuer cleare,
Mak'st nappy ale, and good Marsh Beere,
That send'st vs sundry sorts of meate,
And euery thing we drinke or eate,
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,
Laus Deo sanctè amen.

Yon. Ar. So much good doe ye all, and Gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheere.

Old Iust. Nay so we do, Ile giue you thankes for all.
Come M. *Iustice*, you do walke our way,
And M. *Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,
Weele be the first will traine curtesie.

Iust. God be with you all.

Exeunt old Arthur, Iustice, and Iustice.

Ami. Prouinciall Iustice, Ile be the next,
And man you home how say you Lady?

Yon. Ar. I pray you do, good sir *Aminadab.*

Mary. Sir, if it be not too much trouble to you,
Let me intreat that kindnesse at your handes.

Aminadab. In nets, sir, no, sweet lasse command:
Sic so nunc, now take the vpper hand.

Heimum her away.

Yong Ar. Come wife, this meeting was all for our sakes,
I long to see the force my poyson takes.

Wi. Ar. My deare, deare husband, in exchange of hate,
My loue, and heart shall on your seruice waite.

Exeunt Arthur and his wife.

Ar. So doth my loue on thee, but long no more,
Tenne rich lours, thy seruice to requite,

Full. Forsliame no more, you had best expo stulate
Your loue with euery stranger, leaue these sighes,
And change them to familiar conference.
Yon. Ar. Trust me the vertues of yong *Arthurs* wife,
Her Constancy, modest humility,
Her patience, and admired temperance,
Haue made me loue al women kind the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip O my Mistris, my Mistris, she's dead, she's gone,
she's dead, she's gone.
Ans. Whats that he sayes?
Pip. Out of my way, stand back I say, all ioy from earth is fled,
She is this day as cold as clay, my Mistris she is dead.
O Lord, my Mistris, my Mistris. *Exit.*
An. VVhat, Mistris *Arthur*, deade? my soule is vanisht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quite banisht,
O I am sicke, my pai e growes worse and worse,
I am quite stroke shorter with this late discourse.
Ful. VVhat, faintes how now? Vp head thee hence for shame,
Sowne at the tidinges of a womans death?
Intollerable, and beyond all though,
Come my louers soole, giue me thy hand to leade,
This day one body and two hearts are dead. *Exeunt.*
Yon. Lu. But how she was aliue as wel might be,
And on the sodaine dead, ioy in excesse
Hath ouer-run her poore disturbed soule.
Ile after, and see how master *Arthur* takes it,
His former hate for more suspitious makes it, *Exit.*

Enter Hugh and after, Pipkin

Hu. My M. hath left his gloues behind where he sate in his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them, it is such an old snudge, he'le not loose the droping of his nose.
Pipkin. O Mistris, O Hugh, O Hugh, O Mistris, Hugh, I

muſt needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatike, I muſt fall vpon thee, my miſtris is dead.

Hugh O M. *Pipkin*, what do you meane, what do you meane M. *Pipkin*?

Pip. O *Hugh*, O miſtris, O Miſtris, O *Hugh*.

Hugh O *Pipkin*, O God, O God, O *Pipkin*.

Pip. O *Hugh*, I am mad, beare with me, I cānot chuſe O death, O miſtris, O death.

Hugh Death quotha, he hath almoſt made me dead with beating.

Enter Reaſon, old Arthur, and old Luſam.

Iuſt. I wonder why the knaue my man ſtaies thus, And comes not backe: ſee where the villaine loiters.

Enter Pipkin.

Bra O M. *Iuſtice*, *M. Arthur*, *M. Luſam*, wonder not why I thus blow and bluſter, my miſtres is dead, dead is my miſtres, and therefore hang your ſelues, O my miſtris, my miſtris.

Old Ar. My ſonnes wife dead?

Old Lu. My daughter?

Enter young Arthur mourning.

Iuſt. Miſtres *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

Yong Ar. O here the wofullſt husband comes aliue, No husband now, the wight that did vphold That name of husband, is now quite orethrowne, And I am left a haples widower.

Old Ar. Fain would I ſpeake if griefe would ſuffer me

Old Lu. As M, *Arthur* ſayes, ſo ſay I, If griefe would let me, I would weeping die, To be thus haples in my aged yeares. O, I would ſpeake, but my words melt to teares.

Yon. Ar. Go in, go in, and view the ſweeteſt coarſe That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome, You cannot ſpeake for weeping ſorrowes doome.

Bad news are rife, good tidings seldome come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme.

Ans. What frantick humor doth thus haunt my sence,
Striuing to breed destruction in my spirits?
When I would sleepe, the ghost of my sweete loue
Appeares vnto me in an Angels shape;
When I am wake, my phantasies presents,
As in a glasse, the shadow of my loue,
When I would speake, her name intrudes it selfe
Into the perfect ecchoes of my speech:
And though my thought beget some other word,
Yet wil my tongue speake nothing but her name.
If I do meditate, it is on her,
If dreame on her, or discourse on her,
I thinke her ghost doth haunt me, as in times
Of former darknesse, old wiues tales report.

Enter Fuller.

Hee Comes my bitter Genius, whose aduice
Directs me still in al my actions.
How now, from whence come you?

Ful. Faith from the street, in which, as I pas'd by,
I met the modest mistris *Arthurs* Coarse,
And after her, as mourners, first her husband,
Next *Iustice Reason*, then old M. *Arthur*,
Old M. *Lysam*, and yong *Lysam* too,
With many other kinsfolke, neighbours, friendes,
And others, that lament her funerall.
Her body is by this, laid in the vaulte.

An. And in that vault my body I will lay,
I pretheeleaue me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am sure you iest, you meane not as you say.

An. No, no, Ile but go to the church and pray.

Ful. Nay, then we shalbe troubled with your humor.

Ans. As euer thou didst loue me, or as euer

Thou

Thou didst delight in my society,
By all the rights of friendship and of loue,
Let me entreat thy absence but one houre,
And at the houres end I will come to thee.
Ful. Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,
I le wash my hands like *Pilate* from thy folly,
And suffer thee in these extremities. *Exit,*
An. Now it is night, and the bright lamps of heauen
Are halfe burnt out: now bright Adelbora,
Welcomes the chearefull day star to the East,
And hatefull stilnes hath possest'd the world,
This is the Church, this hollow is the vault.
Where the dead body of my saint remaines,
And this the coffin that inshrines her body,
For her bright soule is now in Paradise,
My comming is with no intent of sinne,
Or to defile the body of the dead,
But rather take my last farewell of her,
Or languishing, and dying by her side,
My airy soule poste after hers to heauen,
First, with this latest kisse I seale my loue,
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiud,
If that she stir not, O this Golgotha
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Presenting fearefull apparitions.
Mistres Arthur in the Tombe.
It is some spirit that in the coffin lies,
And makes my haire start vp on end with feare,
Come to thy selfe faint heart, she sits vpright,
O I would hide me, but I know not where,
Tush, if it be a spirit, tis a good spirit,
For with her body liuing ill she knew not,
And with her body dead, ill cannot meddle.

Mi. Ar. VVho am I? or where am I?
Ane. O she speakes, and by her language now I know
she liues.
Mi. Ar. O who can tell me where I am become.
For in this darkenesse I haue lost my selfe,
I am not dead, for *I* haue sence and life,
How come *I* then in this Coffin buried?
An, Anselme behold she liues, and Destiny
Hath traind thee hither to redeeme her life.
Mi. Ar. Liues any mongst these dead? none but my selfe.
Anſ. O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,
Liues and suruiues at your returne to life:
Nay start not, *I* am Anselme, one who long
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And louing you more then became me wel,
VVas hither sent by some strange prouidence,
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,
To be a liuer in the world againe.
Mi. Ar. I vnderstand you, and *I* thanke the heauens,
That sent you to reuiue me from this feare,
And *I* embrace my safety with good wil.

Enter Aminadab with two or three boyes.

Ami. Mane citus lectum fuge mollem discute somnum,
Templa petas supplex & veneranda Deum. (pray
Shake off thy sleep, get vp betimes, go to the church &
And neuer feare, God will thee heare; & keep thee al
Good counsel, boyes obserue it, marke it wel. (the day
This early rising this *diluculo,*
Is good both for your bodies and your mindes.
T is not yet day, giue me my T inder-box,
Meane time vnloose your satchels, and your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.
1 Boy. O Lord master whats that in the whit sheete?
Ami. In the white sheete my boy, *Dic vbi,* where?

Boy.

Boy. *Vide* Master, *vide illic* there.

Ami. O *Domine, domine*, keepe vs from euill,
A charme from flesh, the worlde and the diuell.

Exeunt running.

Mist Ar. O tell me not my husband was ingrat,
Or that he did attempt to poyson me,
Or that he laide me heare, and I was dead,
These are no meanes at all to win my loue.

Anſ. Sweet Mistris bequeath you to the earth,
You promis'd him to be his wife till death,
And you haue kept your promise, but now since
The worlde, your husband, and your friends suppose
That you are dead, grant me but one request,
And I wil sweare neuer to sollicite more
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonest loue.

Mis. Ar. So your demaund may be no preiudise
To my chast name, no wrong vnto my husband,
No sute that may concern my wedlock breach,
I yeeld vnto it, but to passe the bands of modesty and (chastity,
First wil I bequeath my selfe againe
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,
Then taint my soule with black impurity

Anſ. Take here my hand and faithful heart to gage,
That I wil neuer tempt you more to sinne:
This my request is, since your husband dootes,
Vpon a lewd lasciuious curtezan;
Since he hath broake the bandes of your chast bed,
And like a murderer sent you to your graue,
Do but go with me to my mothers house,
There shal you liu in secret for a space,
Onely to see the end of such lewd lust,
And know the difference of a chast wiues bed,
And one whose life is in all loosenesse led.

Mis. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,

Her counsell, conference and company,
May much auaile me, there a space ile stay,
Vpon condition as you said before,
You neuer will moue your vnchast sute more.
An. My faith is pawn'd, O neuer hadst thou wife,
A husband of so lewd and vnchast life. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mary, Brabo and Splay.

Bra. Mistres, I long haue serud you, euen since
These brisled haires vpon my graue-like chin,
Were all vnborne, when I first came to you,
These infant feathers of these rauen wings,
VVere not once begun.
Splay. No indeed they were not.
Bra. Now in my two much toes for a need,
wanting a rope, I could well hang my selfe,
I prethee Mistris for all my long seruice,
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,
Do me this fauour now to marry me.

Enter Iong Arthur.

Ma. Marry come vp you block head, you great asse,
what, would'st thou haue me marry with a diuell?
But peace, no more, here comes the seely foole
That we so long haue set our lime twigs for,
Be gone, and leaue me to intangle him.
Iong Ar. VVhat, mistris *Mary*?
Ma. O good M. *Arthur*, where haue you beene this
weeke, this month, this yeare?
This yeare said I, where houe you beene this age,
Vnto a louer, euery minute for mes time out of mind.
How should I thinke you loue me
That can endure to stay so long from me?
Iong Ar. In faith sweet heart I saw thee yesternight.
Ma. I, true, you did, but since you saw me not,
At twelue a clocke you parted from my house,

And now tis morning, and new strucken seuen.
Seuen howres thou staidst from me, why didst thou so
They are my seuen yeares prentiship of woo.
Yong Ar. I prethee be patient, I had some occasion
That did inforce me from thee yesternight.
Ma. I, you are soone inforc'd, foole that I am,
To dote on one that nought respecteth me,
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,
And euery one shall haue their destiny.
Yong Ar. Nay weepe not wench, thou woundst me with thy teares.
Mary I am a foole, and so you make me too,
These teares were better kept, then spent in wast
On one that neither tenders them nor me,
what remedy, but if I chance to die.
Or to miscarry with that I go withall,
Ile take my death that thou art cause thereof,
You told me, that when your wife was dead
You would forsake all others, and take me.
Yong Ar. And told thee so, and I will keepe my word
And for that end I came thus early to thee,
I haue procur'd a licence, and this night
we will be married in a lawlesse church.
Ma. These newes reuiue me, and do somewhat ease
The thought that was gotten to my heart.
But shall it be to night?
Yong Ar. I wench, to night,
A fennet and od dayes since my wife died,
Is past already, and her timeles death,
Is but a nine dayes talke, come go with me,
And it shall be dispatcht presently.
Ma. Nay, then I see thou loueſt me, and I find,
By this last motion, thou art growne more kind.
Yon. Ar. My loue and kindnes like my age shall grow,

And

And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,
The older I grow, the kinder I will be.
Mary I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,
That with my age shall day by day decline,
Come shall we go?
Yong Art. With thee to the worlds end,
Whose beauty most admire, and all commend.
Exeunt

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Anse. Tis true, as I relate the circumstance,
And she is with my mother safe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alledge
Against her husband, nor for the loue,
That on mine owne part I can vrge her to,
Will shee be wonne to gratifie my loue.
Ful: All things are full of ambiguity,
And I admire this wondrous accident,
But *Anselme Arthur's* about a new wife, *abuzraba,*
How will shee take it when she heares this newes?
Anse. I thinke euen as a vertuous matron should
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget some pitty from her flinty heart,
And I will vrge her with it presently.
Ful Vnlesse report be false, they are link'd already
They are fast as words can tie them. I will tel thee
How I by chance did meete him the last night,
One said to me, this *Arthur* did entend
To haue a wife, and presently to marry.
Amidst the street I met him as my friend,
And to his loue a present he did carry,
It was some Ring, some stomacher or toy,
I spake to him and bad, God giue him ioy:
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what I pray:
Marry quoth I, your wedding that is toward,

Tis

Tis false quoth he, and would haue gone away,
Come, come, quoth I, so neare it, and so froward,
I vrgde him hard by our familiar loues,
Pray'd him withall, not to forget my gloues,
Then he began, your kindnes hath beene great
Your curtesie great, and your loue not common
Yet so much fauour pray let me entreat
To be excusde from knowing any woman,
I knew the wench that is become his bride,
And smilde to thinke how deepely he had lide.
For first he swore, he did not court a maide,
A wife he could not, she was elsewhere tide:
And as for such as widdowes were, he saide,
And deepely swore, none such should be his Bride,
widow, nor wife, nor maid, I askt no more,
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

Enter Mistres Arthur.

Ans. Is it not mistres *Mary* that you meane,
She that did dine with vs at *Arthurs* house?

Ful. The same, the same, here comes the Gentlewo-
Oh mistres *Arthur*, I am of your counsell, (man,
VVelcome from death to life.

Ans. Mistres, this gentleman hath news to tell ye,
And as you like of it, so thinke of me.

Ful. Your husband hath already got a wife,
A huffing wench yfaith, whose ruffling silkes
Make with their motion, musicke vnto loue,
And you are quite forgotten.

Ans. I haue sworn to moue this my vnchast demand no more.

Ful. VVhen doth your colour change?
when doth your eyes sparkle with fire to reuenge these wrongs?
when doth your tong breake into rage and wrath

Against that scum of manhood, your vile husband
He first misusde you.
Ans. And yet can you loue him?
Ful. He left your chast bed, to defile the bed
Of sacred marriage with a curtezan.
Ans. Yet can you loue him?
Ful And not content with this, you
Abus'd your honest name with slaundrous wordes,
And filde your husht house with vnquietnes,
Ans. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Nay, did he not with his rude fingers
dash you on the face.
And double die your corrall lips with bloud,
Hath he not torne those gold wiars from your head
VVherewith *Apollo* would haue strung his harpe,
And keepe them to play musicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beat you & with *h*is rude fists,
Vpon that crimson temperature of your cheekes,
Laid a lead colour with his boisterous blowes?
Ans. And can you loue him yet?
Ful. Then did he not
Either by poyson, or some other plot
Send you to death, where by his prouidence,
God hath preferr'd you by wondrous miracle?
Nay, after death, hath he not scandaliz'd,
Your place with an immodest curtezan.
Ans. And can you loue him yet?
Mis. Ar. And yet, and yet, and still, and euer whilst
I breath this aire:
Nay, after death my vnsubstantiall soule
Like a good angell shall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme.
But is he maried? much good do his heart,
Pray God she may content him better far,

Than

Than I haue done: long may they liue in peace,
Till I diſturbe their ſolace, but becauſe
I feare ſome miſchiefe doth hang o're his head,
Ile weepe mine eyes drie with my preſent care,
And for their healths make hourte my tong with praier
Exit.

Ful. Art ſure ſhe is a woman if ſhe be
She is create of Natures purity.
Anſ. O yes, I too well know ſhe is a woman,
Henceforth my vertue ſhall my loue withſtand,
And on my ſtriuing thoughts get the vpper hand.
Ful. Then thus reſolu'd, I ſtraight will drink to thee
A health thus deepe, to drowne thy melancholy.
Exeunt.

Enter Mary, young Arthur, Brabo and Spley.

Ma. Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,
Shall I not go abroad, but when you pleaſe?
Can I not now and then meete with my friendes,
But at my comming home you will controwle me?
Mary, come vp.
Yong Ar. Where art thou patience?
Nay rather, where's become my former ſpleene?
I had a wife would not haue vſde me ſo.
Ma. Why you lacke ſawce, you Cuckold, you what,
what am not I of age ſufficient, (no
To goe and come ſtill when my pleaſure ſerues,
But muſt I haue you ſir to queſtion me?
Not haue my will? yes, I will haue my will.
Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vſde me ſo,
But ſhee is dead.
Bra. Not haue her will, ſir ſhe ſhall haue her will,
She ſayes ſhe will, and ſir I ſay ſhee ſhall:
Not haue her will? that were a ieſt indeed.
Who ſayes ſhe ſhall not, if I bee diſpoſde,

To man her forth, who shal find fault with it?
VVhats he that dares say blacks her eye?
Though you be married sir, yet you must know
That she was euer borne to haue her will.

Splay. Not haue her will, Gods passion, I say still,
A woman's no body that wants her will.

Yong Ar. VVhere is my spirit, what, shall I maintaine
A strumpet, with a *Brabo* and her bawde,
To beard me out of my authority?
VVhat, am I from a maister made a slaue?

Ma. A slaue? nay worse dost thou maintaine my man
And this my maid? Tis I maintaine them both.
I am thy wife, I wil not be drest so
While thy gold lasts, but then most willingly
I will beqeath thee to flat beggary.
I do already hate thee, do thy worst,
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shal he beate me?

Bra. Ile make him seeke his fingers mongst the dogs,
That dares to touch my Mistris neuer feare,
My sword shal smooth the wrinkles of his browes,
That bend a frowne vpon my mystris.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vide me so,
But God is iust.

Mary. Now *Arthur*, if I knew
What in this world would most torment thy soule,
That I would do: would al my euill visage
Could make thee strait dispaire, and hang thy selfe.
Now I remember, where is Arthurs man
Pipkin, that slaue, go turne him out of doores,
None that loues *Arthur* shal haue houseroome heere.

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* disdaigne the fellow.

Yong Ar. Shall I be ouer-maistred in my owne?
Be thy selfe *Arthur*, strumpet he shall stay.

Mary

Ma. What shall he Brabo, shal he mistris Splay?
Bra. Shall he? he shall not: breathes there any liuing
Dares say he shall, when Brabo sayes he shall not?
Tong. Ar. Is there any law for this? she is my wife,
Should I complaine, I should be rather mockt?
I am content, keepe by thee whom thou list,
Discharge whō thou thinkst good, do what thou wilt
Rise, go to bed, stay at home, go abroad
At thy good pleasure, keepe al companies:
So that for al this, I may haue but peace,
Be vnto me as I was to my wife,
Onely giue me what I denied her then,
A little loue, and some smal quietnesse,
If she displease her turne him out of doores.
Pip. Who me? turne me out of doors? is this all the wages I shal haue at the yeares end, to be turned out of doores? you Mistris, you are a—
Splay. A, what? speake, a what? touch her, & touch me, taint her, and taint me, speake, speak, a what?
Pip. Marry a woman that is kin to the frost.
Splay. How do you meane that? (stand
Pip. And you are a kin to the Lattin word, to vnder-
Splay. And whats that?
Pip. Subaudi, Subaudi: and sir do you not vse to pinke
Splay. And why? (dublets?
Pip. I tooke you for a cutter, you are of a great kinred; you are a cōmon cousener, euery body cals you cousen besides, they say you are a very good warrener you haue bin an old Cony-catcher: but if I be turned a begging, as I know not what I am borne too, & that you euer com to the said trade, as nothing is vnpossible Ile set al the cōmon-wealth of beggers on your back, & al the cōgregatiō of vermin shal be put to your keeping, & then if you be not more bitten then al the

company of beggers besides, Ile not haue my will:
zowns turn'd out of dores, Ile go & set vp my trade, a
dish to drinke in that I haue within, a wallet that Ile
make of an old shirt, then my speech, for the Lordes
sake, I beseech your worship, then I must haue a lame
leg, Ile go to footbal, and breake my shinnes, and I am
prouided for that.

Bra. What stands the villain prating, hence you slaue *Exit Ripkin.*

Yong Ar. Art thou yet pleasde?

Ma. VVhen I haue had my humor.

Yong Ar. Good friends for manners sake a while

Bra. It is our pleasure sir to stand aside. *(withdraw.*

Yon. Ar. Mary, what cause hadst thou to vse me thus
From nothing I haue raisde thee to much wealth,
Twas more then I did owe thee many a pound
Nay many a hundred pound I spent on thee
In my wiues time: and once but by my meanes,
Thou hadst beene in much danger: but in all things
My purse and credite euer bare thee out.
I did not owe thee this, I had a wife
That would haue laid her selfe beneath my feet,
To do me seruice, her I set at naught
For the entire affection I bare thee.
To shew that I haue loude thee, haue I not,
Aboue all women made chiefe choice of thee?
An argument sufficient of my loue,
VVhat reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humor.

Yo. Ar. O but such humors honest wiues shold purge
Ile shew thee a far greater instance yet,
Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,
Thou knewest my other wife, was she not faire?

Ma. So, so.

Yong Ar. But more than faire, was she not vertuous?
Indued with the beauty of the mind?
Ma. Faith so they said.
Yo. Ar. Harke in thin eare, Ile trust thee with my life,
Then which what greater instance of my loue?
Thou knewst ful wel how sodainly she dide,
To enioy thy loue, euen then I poysoned her.
Ma. How poysoned her? accursed murtherer,
Ile ring this fatal larum in al eares,
Than which, what greater instance of my hate
Yon. Ar. Wilt thou not keepe my counsel? (her
Ma. Villan, no: thou'lt poison me as thou hast poisond
Yon. Ar. Doost thou reward me thus, for al my loue?
Then *Arthur*, flie and seeke to saue thy life
O difference twixt a chast and vnchast wife. *Exit.*
Ma. Pursue the murtherer, apprehend him straight.
Bra. Why, whats the matter Mistris,
Ma. This Vilaine *Arthur*, poisoned his first wife,
Which he in secret hath confest to me:
Goe and fetch warrants from the Iustices
To attach the murtherer, he once hang'd and dead,
His welth is mine: pursue the slaue thats fled.
Bra. Mistris, I wil, he shal not passe this land,
But I wil bring him bound with this strong hand.

Exeunt

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them so?
Had I been borne a seruant, my low life
Had stedie stoode from all these miseries:
The wauing reedes stand free from euery gust,
When the tal okes are rent vp by the roots.
What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath?
Why are we proud of that which so soone changes?

But-

But rather with the beauty of the mind
VVhich neither Time can alter, sickнes change
Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of enuy
Smudge and disgrace, or spoile, or make deform'd.
O had my riotous husband borne this mind,
He had bin happy, I had bin more blest,
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest.

Enter young Arthur poorely.

Yong Ar. O whither shal I flie to saue my life,
when murther and dispaire dogge at my heeles,
O misery, thou neuer foundst a friend,
All friends forsake men in aduersity,
My brother hath denide to succour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murtherer,
My vnkles double bar their dores against me,
My father hath denide to shelter me,
And curst me worse than *Adam* did vile *Eue*,
I that within these two dayes had more friendes,
Than I could number with Arithmatike,
Haue now no more than one poore cipher is,
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe,
All that I durst commit my fortunes to,
I haue tried, and found none to relieue my wants,
My sodaine slight, and feare of future shame,
Left me vnfurnisht of all necessaries,
And these three dayes I haue not tasted food.

Mi. Ar. It is my husband, O how iust is heauen,
Poorely disguisde, and almost hunger-starude,
How comes this change?

Yong Ar. Doth no man follow me,
O how suspitious guilty murder is,
I starue for hunger, and I die for thirst,
Had I a kingdom, I would sell my crowne
For a small bit of bread: I shame to beg,

And

And yet perforce, I must (I see) confesse
This house belongs to some Gentlewoman,
And heer's a woman, I will beg of her.
Good mistres looke vpon a poore mans wants.
VVhome do I see? Is't *Arthers* wife she is dead.
But that I saw her dead and buried,
I would haue sworne it had been *Arthur* wife;
But I will leaue her shame forbids me beg.
On one so much it resembles her.
Mi. Ar. Com hither fellow, wherefore dost thou turn
Thy guilty lookes and blushing face aside?
It seemes thou hast not been brought vp to this.
Yong Ar. You say true Mistris then for charity
And for her sake whome you resemble most,
Pitty my present want and misery.
Mi. Ar. It seems thou hast been in som better plight
Sit down I prethee, men though they be poore,
Should not be scorn'd, to ease thy hunger first,
Eate these confarues, and now I prethee tel me
what thou hast been, thy fortunes, thy estate,
And what she was that I resemble most.
Yong Ar. First look that no man see or ouer heare vs,
I thinke that shape was better to do me good.
Mi. Ar. Hast thou known one that did resemble me.
Yo. Ar Mistres I cannot chuse but weepe,
To call to mind the fortunes of her youth.
Mist. Ar. Of what estate or birth was she?
Yon. Ar. Borne of good parents, & well brought vp,
Most faire, but not so faire as vertuous,
Happy in all things but her marriage,
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke
By his lewd life made them both miserie.
Mi. Ar. why dost thou greeue at their aduersities?
Yong Ar. O blame me not, that man my kinsman was,

Nearer to me a kinsman could not be,
As neare allied was that chaste woman too
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife,
He whom I tearm'd my friend, no friend of mine,
Proouing both mine and his owne enemie,
Poysoned his wife, O the time he did so,
Ioyed at her death, inhumane slaue to do so,
Exchang'd her loue for a bace strumpets loue,
Foule wretch, accursed villaine, to exchange so,
Mi. Ar. You are wise, and blest, and happy to repent so,
But what became of him and his new wife,
Yong. Ar. O heare the iustice of the highest heauen,
This strumpet in reward of all his loue,
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,
And now the wofull husband languisheth,
Flies vpon pursu'd by her fierce hate,
And now too late he doth repent his sinne,
Ready to perish in his owne dispare,
Hauing no meanes but death to rid his care.
Mis. Ar. Let me indure no more but I must weepe,
My blabbing teares cannot my counsel keepe.
Yo. Ar. Why weepe you Mistris, if you hail the part,
Of her whom you resemble in your face,
But she is dead and for her death,
The spunge of either eye,
Shal weepe red teares till euery veine is dry,
Mis. Ar. Why weepe you friend, your rainy drops keep,
Repentance wipes away the drops of sin,
Yet tel me friend, he did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and honour'd him, to kill.
Yet say one like her, far more chast then shine,
Bids him be of good comfort, not dispaire,
Her soules appeas'd with her repentant teares,
Wishing he may surviue her many yeares,

Faine would I giue him money, to disburden
His present wants, but fearing he should spy
And getting out my purse, forget himselfe,
Thats reason ere should neuer see him more.
My heart is full, I can no longer stay,
But what I am my loue must needes be well.
Fare wel good fellow, and take this to spend.
Say one like her commends him to your friend. *Exit.*

Yo. Ar. No sir, no friend of mine, I was my owne soules foe,
To murther my chaste wife that lou'd me so.
In life she lou'd me dearer than her life,
What husband here but would wish such a wife.
I heare the Officers with hu and cry,
She sau'd my life but now, and now I die.
And welcome death, I will not stirre from hence,
Death I deserv'd, Ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo with officers, Splay and Hugh.

Bra. Here is the murtherer, and *Reasons* man.
You haue the warrant: Sirs lay hands on him.
Attach the slaue and lead him bound to death.

Hugh No by my faith M. *Brabo*, you hau the better hart, at least you should haue, I am sure you hau more yron and steele than I haue, doe you lay hands vppon him, I promise you I dare not.

Bra. Constables forward, forward Officers,
I wil not thrust my finger in the fire.
Lay hands on him? I say stepp you back?
I meane to be the hindmost, lest that any
Should runne away, and leaue the rest in perill:
Stand forward, are you not ashamde to feare?

Yo. Ar. Nay never striue, behold I yeede my selfe,
I must commend your resolution,
That being so many and so weapon'd,
Dare not aduenture on a man vnarmde.

Now lead me to what prison you thinke best,
Yet vse me well I am a Gentleman.

Hugh Truely M. *Arthur*, we will vse you as well as heart can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my maister is chiefe, you shall commaund me.

Bra. VVhat hath he yeelded? if he had withstood vs
This Curtelax of mine had cleft his head,
Resist he durst not when once he spied me:
Come lead him hence, now meet thou this sweet
This fellowes death will make our mistres merry.

Splay I say I care not who's dead or aliue,
So by their liues or deathes, we two may thriue.

Hugh Come, beare him away,

Enter Iustice Reason, Old Arthur, old Lusam.

Iust. Old M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lusam*, so is it that I haue heard both your complaints, but vnderstood neither, for you know *Legere & non intelligere negligere est.*

Old Ar. I come for fauour, as a father should,
Pittying the fall and ruine of his sonne.

Old Lus. I come for iustice as a father should,
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter.

Iust. You come for fauour, and you come for iustice,
Iustice with fauour is not partiall,
And vsing that I hope to please you both.

Old Ar. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my sonne,

Old Lu. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my daughter.

Iust. VVhy so I do, I thinke vpon them both,
But can do neither of you good,
For he that liues must die, and he that's dead
Cannot be reuiued.

Old Ar. Lusam, thou seek'st to rob me of my sonne my onely sonne.

Old Lus. He robd me of my daughter, my onely daughter.

Iust. And robberie was neuer done by the law.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, I say thou art a blood-sucker,
A tyrant, a murderer, & I say to thy face,
Old as I am I le prouue it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am I a bloud-sucker or Canniball?
Am I a tyrant that do thirst for bloud?

Old Ar. I, if thou let'st the ruine of my sonne,
Thou art a tyrant and a bloud-sucker.

Old Lu. I, I let the ruine of thy son, I am indeed.

Old Ar. Nay more, thou art a dotard.
And in the right of my accused sonne,
I challenge thee the field, meet me I say
To morrow morning betimes *Hughes*,
And bring thy sword and buckler if thou dar'st.

Old Lu. Meet thee with my sword and buckler!
There's my gloue.
Ile meet thee to reuenge my daughters death.
Call'st thou me dotard? Though these threescore yeeres
I neuer hadled weapon but a knife
To cut meate, yet will I meet thee there.
Gods precious cal me dotard!

Old Ar. I haue cause,
Iust cause to call thee dotard, haue I not?

Old Lu. Nay thats another matter, haue you cause?
Then God forbid that I should take exceptions,
To be cald dotard of one that hath cause.

Iust. My Maisters, you must leaue this quarrelling, for quarrellers are neuer at peace, & men of peace, while they are at quiet, are neuer quarrelling; so you, whilst you fall into brawles, you cannot choose but iarre. Heere comes your sonne accused, and your wife the accuser: stand forth both, *Hugh* be ready with your pen and inke to take their examinations and confessions.

Enter Mary, Splay, Brabant, Arthur, Hugh, Officers.

Yong Ar. It shall not need I do confesse the deed.
Of which this woman here accuseth me,
I poysoned my first wife, and for that deed
I yeeld me to the mercy of the law.

Old Luf. Villaine, thou murdrest my onely daughter,
And in her death depriuest me of all ioyes.

Yong Ar. I meane then do confesse the deed,
And though my body taste the force of law,
Like an offender, on my bare bent knee
Your angry soule will pardon me her death.

Old Luf. Nay, if thou kneeling do confesse the deed,
No reason but I should forgiue her death.

Iust. But so the law must not be satisfide.
Bloud must haue bloud, and men must haue death,
I thinke that cannot be dispenc'd with all.

Mar. If all the world else would forgiue the deed,
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

Yon. Ar. I had a wife would not haue vide me so,
The wealth of Europe could not hire her tong
To be offensiue to my patient eares,
But in exchanging her, I did preferre
A diuell before a Saint, night before day,
Hell before heauen, and drosse before tried gold,
Neuer was bargaine with such damage sold.

Bra. If you want witnes to confirme the deed
I heard him speake it, and that to his face,
Before this presence I will iustifie,
I will not part hence till I see him swing.

Splay I heard him too, pitty but he should die,
And like a murtherer be sent to hell,
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.

Mar. Why stay you then, giue iudgement on the

Whose

VVhose shameles life deserues a shameful graue,
Jon. Ar. Deaths vnter pangs are not so ful of griefe,
As this vnkindnes: euery word thou speak'st,
Is a sharpe dagger thrust quite through my heart,
At little I deserue this at thy hands,
As my kinde patient wife deserude of me,
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then wherefore at full plagues should I repine?
Inf. VVhere shall not buy this poyson for such
Are felony for any man to sell.
Jong Ar. I had the poyson of *Aminadab*, (drugge
But innocent man he was not accessary
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed.
Inf. No matter fetch him, fetch him, bring him.
To answere to this matter at the barre,
Hugh, take these officers and apprehend him.
Bra. Ile ride him too, the Schoolemaister I see,
Perhaps may hang with him for company.
Enter Mayor and Fulm.
Ans. This is the day of *Arthurs* examination,
And triall for the murder of his wife,
Lets heare how Iustice *Reuse* will proceed
In censuring of this strict punishment.
Ful. Anselme content, lets thrust in among the throng.
Enter Aminadab brought in with officers.
Amin. O Domine, what meanes these knaues
To lead me thus with bilbes and glaues,
O what example would it be,
To all my pupils for to see,
To treade their steps all after me:
If for some fault I hanged be,
Somewhat surely I shall merite,
If you bring me to the barre.
But peace, betake thee to thy wits,

For yonder Iustice hea[illegible]
Iust. Sir Dan sir Dab heer's one accuseth you
To giue him poyson being ill employed,
Speake how in this case you can cleare your selfe.
Ami. Heu mihi, what should I say the poyson giuen I denay, he took it perforce from my hands, & *Domine*, why not? I
Got it of a Gentleman he most freely gaue it,
Aske him how me a reader was only to haue it.
Long Ar: It is true, I tooke it from this man perforce,
And snatcht it from his hand by rude constraint,
Which proues him in this act not culpable.
Iust. I, but who sold the poyson vnto him?
That must he likewise know me speake schoolemaster.
Ami. A man *verbatim*, that was a fine *generalum*,
He was a great guller, his name I take to be *Fuller*,
See where he stands that vnto my hands conueyed a powder.
And like a knaue secret, hee to her graue obscurely to shrowde her.
Iust. Lay hands on him, are you a poyson seller?
Bring him before vs, sirra what say you,
Sold you a poyson to this honest man?
Ful: I sold no poyson, but I gaue him one,
To kill his rats.
Iust. Ha, ha, I smell a rat,
You sold him poyson then to kill his rats?
The word to kill argues a murderous mind,
And you are brought in compas of the murder,
So set him by, we will not heare him speake,
That *Arthur*, *Fuller*, and the Schoolemaster,
Shall by the Iudges be examined.
Anſ Sir, if my friend may not speake for himselfe,
Yet let me his proceedings iustifie.

Iust. Whats he that will a murther iustifie?
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I say,
For iustifiers are al accessaries,
And accessaries haue deseru'd to die.
A way with him. we wil not heare him speake,
They al shal to the high Commissioners.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. Nay, stay them, stay them yet a little while
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I wil please al partis presently.

Yong Ar. I thinke my wines ghost haunts me to my death,
Wretch that I was, to shorten her liues breath.

Old Ar. Whom do I see, my sonnes wife?

Old Lu. VVat my daughter?

Iust. Is it not Mistris *Arthur* that we see,
That long since buried we supposd to be?

Mis. Ar. This man is condemnd for poysoning of his wife,
His poysoned wife yet liues, and I am she;
And therefore iustly I release his bands:
This man for suffering him these druggs to take,
Is likewise bound, release him for my sake.
This Gentleman that first the poyson gaue,
And this his friend to be releasde I craue.
Murther there cannot be, where none is kild,
Her bloud is sau'd, whom you supposde was spild.
Father in law, I giue you heere your sonne,
The acts to do, which you supposde was donne.
And father, now ioy in your daughters life,
VVhom heauen hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.

Old Ar. O welcome, welcome daughter, now I see,
God by his power hath preserued thee.

Old Lu. And tis my wench, whom I suppos'd was dead,
My ioy reuiues, and my sad woe is fled.

Jon. Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,
My soule's transported to an extasie,
For hope and ioy confound my memory.
Ma. What do I see, liues *Arthurs* wife againe?
Nay, then I labour for his death in vaine.
Bra. What secret force did in nature lurke,
That in her soule the poyson would not worke.
Splay How can it be the poison tooke no force,
She liues with that which would haue kilde a horse.
Matil. Ar. Nay shunne me not, be not ashamde at all
To heauen not me, for grace and pardon call.
Looke on me *Arthur*, blush not at my wrongs.
Jon. Ar. Still feare & hope my griefe & woe prolongs
But tell me by what power thou didst suruiue?
With my owne hands I temperd that vilde draught,
That sent thee breathles to thy Grandsires graue,
If that were poyson I receiude of him.
Ami. That *ego nescio*, but this dram,
Receiu'd I of this Gentleman,
The colour was to kill my rats,
But t'was my owne life to dispatch.
Ful. Is it euen so, then this ambiguous doubt,
No man can better then my selfe decide,
That compound powder was of Poppie made and (Mandrakes
Of purpose to cast one into a sleepe,
To ease the deadly paine of him, whose leg (maister
Should be sawd off, that powder gaue I to the School-
Ami. And that same powder, euen that *idem*
You tooke from me the same *per idem*.
Jon. Ar. And that same powder, I commixt with wine
Our godly knot of wedlocke to vntwine. (graue
Old Ar. But daughter, who did take thee from thy
Old Lu. Discourse it daughter.
Ans. Nay that labour saue:

Pardon

Pardon me M. *Arthur*, I will now
Confesse the former frailty of my loue,
Your modest wife with words I tempted oft,
But neither ill I could report of you,
Nor any good I could forge for my selfe,
VVould winne her to attend to my request,
Nay, after death I loude her, insomuch
That to the vault where shee was buried,
My constant loue did lead me to the darke,
There ready to haue tane my last farewell,
The parting kisse I gaue her, I felt warme,
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers house,
where she hath since liu'd the most chast and true,
That since the worlds creation eye did view.
Yon. Ar. My first wife stand you here, my second there
And in the midst my selfe: he that will chuse
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me
That haue tried both, in wealth and misery.
A good wife will be careful of her fame,
Her husbands credite, and her owne good name,
And such art thou. A bad wife will respect,
Her pride, her lust, and her good name neglect
And such art thou. A good wife will be still
Industrious, apt to do her husbands will.
But a bad wife, crosse, spightfull, and madding
Neuer keepe home, but alwaies be gadding,
And such art thou. A good wife will conceale
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale,
That may procure him harme, and such art thou.
But a bad wife corrupts chast wedlocks vow,
On this hand vertue, and on this hand sinne,
This who would striue to loose, or this to win?
Here liues perpetuall ioy, here burning woe,
Now husbands choose on which hand you will go.

Seeke vertuous wiues, al husbands wil be blest,
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are best:
They that my fortunes will peruse, shall find,
No beautie's like the beauty of the mind.

FINIS.

